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ALICE, THE FISHER GIRL:

—OR,—

THE OLD MAN OF THE WRECK.

A Story of Old England and the Ocean.

BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER X.

THE STORM WITHOUT, AND THE STORM WITHIN.

IT was nearly dark when Lord Tiverton left Belinda, and passing down into the hall he commenced pacing up and down the floor with quick, nervous strides. He had not noticed how quickly it had grown dark, nor how the wind came howling about the angles of the buildings. A servant came and lighted the lamp that hung in the hall, and when he was gone the earl began to realize that a terrible storm was brewing without. Yet he gave himself up to his own reflections awhile longer.

At length great drops of rain began to patter upon the window-panes, and the dry leaves and dirt came crashing against the glass as though they would break it. Louder and louder howled the blast, and the rain came down thicker and faster. The earl went to the window and looked out, but he might as well have looked into the depths of a bolted dungeon, for all without was as black as the utter night of chaos. While he stood there by the window trying to peer out into the utter blackness, he felt a touch upon his arm, and on turning he beheld his son.

"Isn't this terrible, father?" the young man uttered, with a look of earnest interest.

But the earl made no reply. He had forgotten the storm without, for there was tumult in his own bosom. He gazed into the face of his son, and his lips were compressed, and his brow contracted. Albion noticed the look in an instant, and with considerable anxiety, he asked:

"What is the matter, my father?"

"I'll tell you," the earl said, in short, whispered tones. "How have you conducted yourself since you have been here?"

"Conducted myself!" repeated the youth, in surprise.

"Yes, how have you conducted yourself?"

"Look ye, father," returned Albion, after a few moments of thought. "To-day you spoke to me in the presence of others in a manner which I could not understand, and then I would not ask an explanation. Now you repeat the strangeness. What does it mean? Has Belinda Warner anything to do with it?"

"She has."

"Then may I ask an explanation?"

The earl had the first words of a hasty answer upon his lips, but he kept them back, and after a few moments' reflection he said:

"I allude to your treatment of Miss Warner."

"Go on, father," calmly and firmly resumed the youth. "I wish to know the whole case."

"Do you not know it now?"

"Not at all. When I know what you mean, then I will give you such explanation as I can."

"You shall know what I mean, sir. Did you not, during the first part of your sojourn here, give Belinda Warner reason to believe that you loved her?"

For an instant Albion was fairly paralyzed with astonishment.

"*Give—Belinda Warner—reason to believe—that—I loved—her?*" he at length repeated, in slow, measured accents, and dwelling distinctly upon each separate word. "My heavens, sir, what do you mean?"

"I mean just what I say," returned the earl; but he spoke more calmly, for his son's manner moved him some.

"My father, I yet can scarcely make out what you mean. But to your question I distinctly answer, *no!* Why, sir, from the very moment I set my eyes upon that girl I disliked her, and from the time I first passed an hour in her society I have utterly loathed and despised her."

"And suppose I were to tell you that she was to become your wife?" The earl spoke quickly, but with much meaning.

"The matter has become a serious one, and I would not jest upon it," returned Albion.

"But I am not jesting."

"Not jesting? Then what can you mean?"

"I mean that I had planned for Miss Warner to become your wife."

"Really? In earnest?"

"Most assuredly so."

"Father," said the youth, folding his hands together, and speaking with that peculiar calmness which marks the noble mind when a resolution is taken which even the presence of death could not shake, "if you mean this as a simple question, and yet mean it earnestly, I will give you an earnest answer: Before I would marry with that girl I would join the beasts of the field—get down upon my knees—strip off my outward signs of manhood, and crawl in the dust for life. Not even to save life itself would I do that thing."

"But I may command it."

"No, my father, you will not command it."

"But I am your father."

"Ay, so you are; and you have given to your son some of the nobleness of soul that belongs to your blood. You could not have given birth to the blood of a craven, or a slave!"

The earl looked into the face of his boy, and his heart was touched. There was nothing defiant in the words he had heard, but they had been spoken gently and with respect.

"Father," continued Albion, "will you answer me one question? Did you ever mean that I should marry with Miss Warner?"

"I did mean it, and it was for that very thing that I left you here."

At that moment there came a flood of blinding light upon the earth, and on the next instant came a crash as though the very firmament were rent into atoms. Both the father and son started; but as soon as the thunder crash had passed, and the shock had ceased, Albion spoke:

"But you said nothing of this to me?"

"Because I feared you would naturally rebel if you knew my plan. But Miss Warner is of a noble stock, she is very wealthy, and she is virtuous and honorable. I had meant that she should be your wife."

"Father," resumed the youth, laying his hand upon his parent's arm, "I will speak now plainly. From the first moment on which I became acquainted with Miss Warner, her conduct has been such as to literally disgust me. The first and only evening I ever passed alone in her company—and then Sir William and his son were both absent, so I was obliged to do it—she was disgusting in the extreme. She showed herself ignorant and bigoted, and betrayed feelings not worthy of even a first-water popinjay. On the very next morning, I caught her in the very act of throwing a pewter vessel at the head of one of her servants. I have hardly spoken with her since, though she has taken occasion to force herself in my way whenever she could. Lord Tiverton, compare that girl with my mother!"

The earl started as he heard these last words. Instinctively did his mind turn to that gentle, lovely being whom he called—*wife*, and he remembered how much of life's joy and peace he owed to her. Albion saw the effect he had produced, and he followed it up.

"Just look upon my noble mother, and then look upon this thing whom you would fasten upon my youthful, aspiring soul. O, father, you do not know the girl. Ask Sir William—go and ask him, and he will tell you without prejudice or partiality."

Lord Tiverton was moved now in the soul, and he resolved at once that he would push the matter no farther. But in a moment more the cloud came upon his face again, and he looked sternly upon his son. The storm without had increased—the rain came down in torrents, and the wind howled more fearfully than before. But again the earl had forgotten the raging of the elements.

"Albion," he said, "I will say no more at present of Belinda Warner, and perhaps I shall urge her upon you no more. But there is yet another subject on my mind, though I hope I have been misinformed. Perhaps you know to what I allude?"

"Go on," said Albion. He trembled slightly, and spoke carefully, for he mistrusted what his father meant, though he wondered how he could have come to a knowledge of it.

"I have heard that you visit a poor fisher-girl not far from here. Is it so?"

"It is, sir."

"And did you not know that such conduct was very wrong?"

"The girl whom I have visited is the one who saved my life; she but for whom you would now be childless."

"I do not blame you, my son, for feeling gratitude, and for expressing it, but if Miss War—if—"

"Then Miss Warner has been informing you of my doings?" said the youth, as his father hesitated—for the earl had let out the secret of his source of information without intending it. Albion spoke bitterly, and a look of contempt curled about his finely chiselled lips.

"Yes, she did tell me, though I did not mean to expose her—but it can't be helped now—and on the whole we should both be very grateful to her, for it may be the means of saving you from evil. In truth, my boy, you have been very careless and reckless of that girl's happiness. Do you not realize that you are a man in every way calculated to inspire the warmest love in the female bosom?"

Albion made no answer.

"You have even allowed yourself to walk and converse with this low-born girl, and—you have taken her to your bosom, and even impressed her with kisses."

"Miss Warner has been in fine business, truly!" uttered Albion, in the most bitter tone. "She plays the spy well!"

"She has not followed you my boy," said the earl. He spoke with considerable kindness, for the idea of Belinda's littleness of character now struck him more forcibly, and even though he was thankful for the information thus revealed, yet he could not but detest the manner in which it had been collected. "She has observed you from the cupola at the top of the house. Has she told me the truth?"

"She has," returned the youth, trembling.

"And do you not see how wrong such things are? I may even call them wicked. I cannot believe that you would— But no, I *know* you would not do that."

"What? Speak plainly, father."

"I know you would not harm that poor girl. You would not rob her of the only—"

"Stop, stop, my father. I know what you mean. Tear out my heart and give it to the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air. Saw my body in quarters, and burn it to ashes, and cast those ashes to the winds of heaven, so that no more remembrance be had of me among men forever, when I could be guilty of such a deed!"

The father felt his love for his son awaking afresh, and for some moments he gazed into his noble features with true paternal pride. But he had more yet to say, though his anger was all gone.

"Then, my child, you must see how fatally your thoughtless conduct may operate. Do you not know that Alice Woodley may love you, love you with a love which shall break her heart when she knows that you can never return her love? Ah, my son, you have been blind indeed."

Albion hung down his head, and he trembled with a wild, thrilling emotion; but another thunder-crash at that moment broke upon the earth, and the earl did not notice his son's trembling.

"Father," at length spoke the youth, laying his hand again upon his parent's arm, and speaking in a soft, persuasive tone, "will you not let this pass until you can see the maiden of whom we speak? I would have you see her and converse with her."

"And wherefore, my son?"

"That you may know her as I do."

"Albion, I know not that I understand you," said the earl, moving the youth's hand from his arm, and looking steadily into his face. "It may be a foolish question, I hope it is—but nevertheless I will ask it: Do you love that girl?"

"How can I help it?"

"That is not an answer. Do you love her?"

"With my whole soul."

"And you would make her your wife?"

"Would you but give your consent to such a consummation I should be the happiest man that dwells upon the earth."

A moment the earl was silent. The wind howled fearfully, the rain fairly crashed upon the windows, and ever and anon the deep-toned thunder rolled through the heavens as though the very throne of mercy were quaking at its foundations; but neither the father nor the son heard the elementary war there.

"Albion," at length said the old man, and he spoke with strange and calm distinctness, "before I would see you wedded with such a wife I would have you—"

The young man darted forward and seized his father by the wrist.

"Stop, stop—for the love of mercy, stop!" he cried, while his whole frame shook. "Speak no more now. Do not make a vow yet. Wait—wait for a while, at least."

"And why should I wait when my mind is made up?"

"To save me. Give me time for reflection, at least."

"But I would rather have you in your—"

"My father," interrupted the young man, in a tone that fairly startled the parent, "forgive me if I speak as may seem to unbecome the child; but you must not speak now. Beware what words you let fall from your lips. You must see Alice Woodley before you make up your mind. I know not what sort of feelings you may allow to govern yourself, but I can assure you that I am not prepared to throw away my very soul, just to please an empty, hollow prejudice. Alice Woodley risked her own life to save mine, and she did it, too, before she had ever seen my face. She is one of the most lovely beings that earth ever bore, and purity and virtue sit upon her soul as their regal throne. And then for another thing I would have you see her. I think you have seen her somewhere. There is a mystery about her. Speak no more, I beseech you—not now."

Lord Tiverton gazed into the face of his son, and twice his lips moved as though he would have spoken; but there was something in the look that met his gaze that kept his words back. He was not angry, for Albion had uttered forth his speech with too much depth of feeling to call up such a passion. He was almost awe-struck, and he was surprised, too. He had called his son to him with the fixed, firm purpose of tearing him away from his heart at once and forever unless he would promise on the spot to see Alice Woodley no more; but his purpose was not carried out, nor was it to be then. In truth that stout nobleman was moved by another will than his own. But he only kept his words back for the while. His purpose was still fixed, and in his heart he resolved that he would not relent from it.

He would have spoken further, but at that juncture, Sir William and Thomas entered the hall.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WRECK!

THE storm had now reached to a fearful power. The rain still fell in a deluge, and the wind seemed to have increased until it fairly roared with the voice of continuous thunder. The vivid lightning played in the heavens, and the loud crashing of the thunder peals reverberated with terrific grandeur.

"God have mercy on any craft that may be caught on our coast without an anchorage tonight!" ejaculated Sir William, as he joined the earl.

"This gale comes from the eastward, doesn't it?" asked Albion.

"Yes," replied Tom, "from the northward and eastward. It comes sweeping down the whole breadth of the sea, and it seems as though 'twould wash the whole German Ocean upon our coast. My soul, how the waves break over the shore."

"What thunder!" uttered the earl, who had now laid aside the subject that had been occupying his thoughts. "Ah, my boy, you are better off here than you would be at sea."

"O, give me plenty of sea-room, and this would be rare sport," replied the youth. "I've stood some tough gales in my time."

"Ah, there's a peal of thunder in the distance," said Sir William, as the sound of a clap more low than the others broke upon their ears.

"Yes," returned Tom. "Ah, there it is again. Egad, I'd like to swap with those who have that thunder at their doors. It aint so heavy as ours."

"'Twould be heavy enough if it were here," said Sir William.

"That is not thunder!" uttered Albion, as the third peal came sounding above the storm. He started forward towards the window as he spoke, and the others followed his example.

"Not thunder!" repeated the baronet.

"No—hark— There it is again. Do you not distinguish it. My heavens, 'tis a gun! Death is at our doors! There is a ship on our coast!"

"Not a ship, I hope," said the earl, shuddering. "Perhaps some small vessel."

"Not with such a gun as that," added Albion. "It is a heavy ship that carries that fellow."

Just then came the fourth report, and as the dull sound rumbled in with the voice of the tempest, Albion Tiverton started towards the door.

"Call up the servants," he cried, "and let us have lanterns and ropes. We must go down to the beach. Come, Tom, on with your duds. I have a storm-suit in my chest, and I'll don it in a twinkling. Sir William, you call the servants and light the lanterns."

"But my son," urged the earl, in a hesitating voice, "you will not expose yourself."

"My soul, father, talk not of exposure now. Ha, hear that gun again! You stay here—there is no need of your exposure to such a storm, but it is part of my profession. Don't you come out. You stay and watch here, and if danger comes to me, then you must remember me in your prayers. Now, then, Tom, look alive."

As Albion thus spoke, he seized a candle from the hand of a servant who had just entered the hall, and hastened away to his room. The old earl looked after him as he disappeared, and a light of pride danced in his eyes.

"He is a noble fellow, after all," he uttered.

"So he is," added Sir William, who had called the servants and returned.

"And he mustn't throw himself away," added the earl.

"No he mustn't," responded the baronet.

"I shan't let him."

"Nor would I if he were my son."

"I'll see him—anywhere, before he shall cast himself away on a fisher-girl."

"Yes," suggested Sir William, "what is a fisher-girl to do with loving the son of an earl?"

"Nothing. It's preposterous."

"So it is, my lord. She ought to be transported for daring to touch him with her hands. How dared she save him from drowning? It was very low and ill-bred of her to do so."

His lordship looked into Sir William's face with a look of surprise.

"It ought to have been the daughter of some earl, or duke, or some princess," added the baronet; "and then the poor fellow could have loved her for her nobleness. I think most any of our delicate, lisping, gentle-blooded ladies would have done the work full as well as that low-born, degraded fisher-girl did. But then, honestly, I think she ought to have a few shillings for her labor. The risking of her life is nothing, for what is her life compared with the life of a gentlewoman? I don't think fisher-girls count more than half a soul, at the most, in heaven! And they hadn't ought to. They aint so good as other folks. What! have such a noble youth as that marry with a fisher-girl! Preposterous! What could she do as a wife? Only just love him, and honor him, and cherish him with her whole heart, and make him a faithful, heavenly companion, for life, in whose bosom he could ever find a retreat from the sorrows of the world, and in whose arms he could ever find a heaven on earth. No, no—such as he should have a *lady* for a wife. *He* wants more *gold*, and more *titles*, to make him happy. Fisher-girls! Preposterous!"

At that moment Tom and Albion came in. The face of the latter was flushed with excitement and hurry, but he was yet calm in judgment. He had thrown on an oil-cloth suit throughout, and on his head he wore a stout leather cap. Tom was also rigged for exposure; and the servants who stood in waiting, six in number, were well prepared for the storm, though they had the prospect of a thorough drenching.

"Now," cried Albion—

"Wait a moment," interrupted the old baronet, "I am going."

"Not by any means," firmly replied Tom.

"Nor shall you father," said Albion.

The earl raised his head, and asked his son what he had said. In truth, my Lord of Winchester and Tiverton had been thinking of those strange words which the baronet had spoken, and he had not noticed what was passing about him.

Albion repeated his order, but it availed nothing, for in a moment more the two old men put their heads together, and swore they'd go.

But our hero did not wait for them. He saw that his men had ropes, and having assured himself his lantern was so fixed that the wind could not extinguish the light, he set out. When he reached the gravelled carriage-path he was forced to stop a moment to collect his energies, for the tempest was more terrific than he had thought. He soon braced himself, however, and then, with a word of encouragement to his followers, he started on again.

Tom, like Albion, had on an oil-cloth suit, but the others only had on thick woollen garments, and they were wet to the skin in a few minutes, but they thought not of that. The rain fell—or rather, was driven—in a perfect torrent, and for awhile it was almost blinding in its power. The sea broke upon the coast with a roar that set the thunder at defiance, and the spray was thrown far up over the land. Ever and anon the lightning flashed through the heavens, revealing the scene around, and the boiling, hissing sea was terrible to look upon.

At length the party reached the shore of the bay, where they could look about them without the intervening of trees. The signal gun was still heard at short intervals, but the roar of the surge was so deafening that its direction could not be made out. Albion had hoped that he should be able to make it out from the light of its flash, but the driving rain, and the thick spray which was thrown high up into the air, shut out its view.

"Here we'll stand," said Albion, "and wait for the lightning, and then if we look sharp we may make her out. Keep your eyes seaward, now, and look sharp."

In a few moments the lightning again leaped along the black sky, and the sea was bathed in the lurid glare for miles around.

"There she is!" shouted one of the men, who had perched himself upon a high rock. "I have her berth, and I'll make her out next time."

Albion raised his lantern and jumped upon the rock by the side of the man, and when the next flash came he made out the vessel distinctly. She was a ship—a heavy ship—with a close-reefed maintopsail set. He could tell thus much. He waited for the next flash, and he saw that she was laying-to upon the larboard tack, and that her lighter spars were all off, and her fore and mizzen topmasts housed. He had also seen that the sea was breaking wildly over her, and that she was fast drifting towards the shore. By this time Tom had made his way upon the rock, and at the next flash of lighting he saw the ill-fated craft.

"Merciful heavens!" he cried, "she is drifting upon the Imp's Rocks as sure as death! See! see! She is almost upon them now!"

"She is," echoed one of the men.

"Then no power on earth can save her," said Albion, who was watching with nervous anxiety for the next flash.

At this juncture our hero heard the voice of his father near the rock, and on turning he saw both the old men with each of them a lantern.

"What is it?" cried Sir William.

But before his question could be answered the great night-torch of heaven flared out again through the terror-laden space, and the ship was plainly seen. The lightning played through the black vault in wild, fantastic shapes, and the glare was unusually long in continuance. Albion could see where the sea was broken more terribly by the sunken rocks, and he saw, too, that the ship was not half a cable's length from them, and that she was being tossed about like a plaything in the hands of a reckless boy.

Once more the heavens were black as ink, and the lanterns looked like dim sparks just dying amid their own embers, after the blinding light of the electric flame had gone. In as few words as possible Albion told the story of what he had seen, and then he bent his ear towards the spot where he had last seen the ship. The surge roared on, and the rain fell in blinding torrents, but our hero noticed it not. He waited for the death-howl he was sure must come. There was one more boom of the gun, and while its dull voice was yet lingering with the roar of the tempest, there came a sharp, wild cry over the water. Albion shuddered, for he knew that the death-angel was at work there!

"The hour has come!" he cried to Sir William. "The ship has struck. We will stay, for we may find some who will wash ashore."

Both the old men worked their way upon the rock, and in a few moments more the heavens burned again. The ship was upon the rocks—her mainmast gone, and her hull upon its beam-ends. The sea was washing madly over it—leaping and towering above its broken form, and its boats and spars were being fast washed away. Albion was sure he saw men clinging to the rigging, and his heart beat with a painful emotion.

"Alas!" he uttered, turning to his father, who now stood by his side, "we cannot save them."

"Most assuredly not."

There was another flash—bright and glaring.

"What is that?" cried the earl; and he pointed off to the low beach on the opposite side of the bay.

It was a female form which he had seen, and Albion's quick eye had caught the same.

"What can it be?" the earl repeated, in tones of surprise. "A woman out in this storm?"

"That is an angel of mercy," replied the youth, in a subdued tone. "No storm nor tempest will stay her when danger calls, or suffering humanity wants succor."

The old man gazed into his son's face. The glare of the lightning had gone, but he held up his lantern.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Alice Woodley—the fisher-girl," replied Albion.

The parent made no further remark, but he murmured something over to himself which sounded very much like regret. But that was not the time for such subjects, and Lord Tiverton turned his attention to the ship. Not so Albion, however. When the next flash came his eyes were upon the opposite beach, and he saw that same form standing there yet, right where the surge washed up about her feet, and he could see that in her hand she held a lantern.

It was pitchy black once more, but away off upon the other beach, our hero could see the tiny spark of a lantern. He was nervous and anxious.

"Father," he at length said, "I am going over upon the other beach. If any people are washed ashore, some of them will be as likely to wash up there as here."

"And is that all you would go for, my boy?" the old man asked, holding up his lantern and looking into his son's face.

"No, sir, not by one half. I would go to send that noble girl into her dwelling, and myself take her place on the watch."

"Go then; but remember you are her *friend*."

Albion quickly called off three of the men to follow him upon the other side of the bay, and Tom was determined to go, too.

"Yes, Master Thomas, you go and keep him company," said the earl, quickly, as though he were anxious that there should be a check upon the actions of his son. "Your father and I will look out for this place. Go—and look out for—"

But Tom heard no more. He saw Albion's lantern clear away ahead, and he hastened on to overtake him. They were obliged to take the upper path, for the lower one was so washed by the sea that it was impossible to keep it. The lanterns were held out ahead, and they cast their dim, struggling light far enough into the utter blackness to enable the adventurers to keep on at a respectable pace. The walk was somewhat of a tedious one, but it was at length accomplished, and Albion found Alice standing watch upon the beach. He spoke to her a few hurried words of love before the others came up, and he chided her for being there; but at his urgent request she consented to retire to the house when she was assured that the place should be watched, and any unfortunate cared for who might chance to come ashore.

The three men who had accompanied Albion and Tom, were loud and earnest in their blessings upon the head of the beautiful girl, and Albion felt grateful to them.

After our hero had succeeded in getting Alice beneath the shelter of her cot, he once more turned his attention to the ship. The rain began to fall more slowly, and the lightning came not so often, nor was it so bright or lasting. It was more distant—so distant now that its thunder could not be heard. But the wind still maintained its power with howling fury. Our hero could see that the ship was fast coming to pieces, her masts were all gone, her bulwarks stove off, and her stern broken, and the deck of the poop gone. And yet no human thing had come ashore. Not long, however, was he to wait for the shadow of the death-angel. Half an hour had not passed when something was washed up, and Albion found it to be a human body. In fifteen minutes more three other bodies followed it—and that was all. The hours dragged slowly away, and no more dead bodies came. At length the youth looked at his watch, and it was midnight. For two hours there had been no lightning, and the wind howled coldly and dismally.

"Tom," our hero said, "there will no more bodies come until the ship is in pieces. It is now past midnight."

"Then let us return to the hall, and in the morning we will come down again. There is no use in remaining here."

"So be it. But one of these men must go and sleep at the widow's cot."

"Yes, Mosely will go. He has often remained there when he has been at work for the widow. Mosely, you will go?"

"Certainly," returned the man, who was one of Sir William's foresters—a stout, powerful man, somewhere between forty and fifty years of age.

"You will sleep with one eye open, and jump if there is need."

"Certainly."

"And tell the women that we will be down early in the morning."

"Yes, sir."

"All right."

So Mosely went towards the cot, and Albion and his companions turned towards the road that led over the bridge and up to Linden Hall. When they reached the house they found that Sir William and the earl had already retired, and without further ceremony they threw off their wet clothes—drank some heated wine, and then followed the example of their elders.

Albion Tiverton was worn and fatigued, but it was sometime before he slept, for the events of the day were enough to work unwontedly upon his mind. At length, however, he slept, and while he slept he dreamed, but he did not dream of the strange unweaving of mystery which the ill-fated wreck had in store for him.

CHAPTER XII.

THE OLD MAN OF THE WRECK.

When Albion arose on the following morning he found that the sun was just rising, and that the storm had all passed away. The wind was gone, and only a gentle breeze played about his window. Yet he could hear the roar of the surge upon the coast, and a cold shudder crept through his frame as he thought how solemn was the requiem those waves were sounding. When he looked out at the window he saw the tracks of the storm-fiend. The whole park was strewn with fragments of boards, and shingles, and broken boughs which the gale had swept from their former places. Great trees were bent over, as though they had suddenly grown old and decrepit, the great branches were twisted and broken, the smaller boughs hurled about, and many of the bough-houses and trellices torn in pieces and laid prostrate.

It was truly a scene of desolation, but our hero did not stop long to contemplate it. As soon as he could dress himself he hurried away to Tom's room, where he found his friend still fast asleep; but he awoke the sleeper, and in a short time they were both ready to set out. Albion made his way first to the bridge, meaning to seek the widow's cot at once. Tom of course made no objections to this, for he would have chosen that course himself.

The sun was well up when the two young men reached the cot, and they found that Mosely was already upon the beach at work. Alice was pale and agitated, for not far from her door there was a pile of ghastly corses, and she had been helping to place them there. But Albion made her retire to the house now, and she complied without resistance. After this our hero joined Mosely.

The ship had been mostly knocked to pieces, but yet a good part of her hull remained upon the rocks. Her back was broken, but she had not yet been rent in twain, though all her bulwarks were gone, and the greater part of her spar deck ripped up and washed off. She lay now with her stern and bows both in the water, and her waist higher up, both ends having fallen while her centre rested among the rocks. The beach was strewn with pieces of the wreck, but there were no more dead bodies upon this side of the bay, Mosely having gathered up all he could find. He had found seven, and they were reposing upon the greensward near the cot.

"I've been up, at work here, ever since daylight," said Mosely, "and you see I have gathered up all the dead ones I could find. There's more of 'em up the bay, and some on the other side. But I guess the ship only had her common crew aboard, for you see all these be common sailors."

"Yes, I see," returned Albion. "But have you found the name of the ship?"

"Yes, I found it on a bucket that came ashore. It's the *Fintona*, of Newcastle."

"Ah, she laid at Gravesend when I came out. But she's done for now."

As soon as our hero became satisfied that there was nothing more for him to do upon that side of the beach he started around for the opposite shore, having first, however, seen Alice, and made her promise to have some regard for her own physical welfare.

Along on the shore of the bay, after they had crossed the bridge, they found other dead bodies, and when they reached the rock where they had stood the night before they found more of the sad mementoes of the wreck. In all they had found twenty-four corses, and they supposed there might be more on board the wreck. There was a surge-boat on shore belonging to Sir William; and the men, eight of whom had just come down from the hall accompanied by the coroner and others, agreed at once to man it, if Albion wished to go out. This surf or life-boat, our hero knew would be perfectly safe upon the sea, and he at once made up his mind to venture out to the wreck. Tom agreed to go with him, and the boat was at once hauled down and shoved off.

The sea was running high, but the stout men bent themselves to their oars, and the boat bore proudly up. Albion took the helm, and with a practised hand and eye he steered over the seas with the least possible danger, and at length the wreck was close at hand. Directly under the lee of the hull, amidships, there was a space of comparatively smooth water, where nothing could touch the boat save the spray that came dashing over the wreck, and for this our adventurers cared nothing, for they were wet to the skin now, and if the boat should fill with water it could not sink, and could, moreover, be easily bailed out; so up to this place Albion steered his craft, and in a few moments more he stood upon the wreck.

The hull had by some means been lifted up from its beam-ends, and now lay so that a man could stand upon her deck with comparative ease so far as the position of the stand-place was concerned, but the seas which came dashing over rendered it necessary for them to keep their hands upon some firm holdfast. The whole of the poop had been washed away, leaving the cabin bare, and the whole deck had not only been swept clear, but more than half the deck itself was gone. Albion looked down into the steerage, and he saw that the mid portions of that deck were bare, though the water washed over them every time there came a heavy sea. Our hero let himself down into this part of the ship, and everything there was in wild confusion and disorder. The two extremities of the deck were low down in the water, and boxes, trunks, chests, bags and a variety of other stuff, were floating about. The youthful adventurer looked around for some signs of humanity, but he could see none from where he then stood. Upon the opposite side of the deck, however, he saw three bunks, against which a mass of the wreck from above had been piled, and through one of the apertures in the jammed mass he thought he saw portions of a man's dress, and he at once started to go over.

Carefully the young officer made his way along the sea-washed deck, and ere long he reached the spot, and on gazing in through the stuff that had been piled up there he saw, in the middle bunk, something that he felt sure was a man. He could not see the face, nor any part of the flesh, but beneath a mass of clothing there was something like a human form. He tried hard to start some of the rubbish away, but he could not move it. Then he called for the men on deck to come down to his assistance, and at length, by dint of much labor, they succeeded in clearing the stuff away. Albion reached in and drew back the blankets and quilts, and beneath them he did find the form of a man. Quickly the blankets were torn off, and the form was drawn forward to the light. It was the face of an old man that thus came to light. His eyes were closed, but the other features could be easily made out. The face was worn and sunken, the beard long and bristling, and the hair gray and crisp. It was certainly an old man—far past the goal of threescore, and something prior to the wreck had surely prostrated him.

"Is he dead?" asked one of the men who stood back.

"I can't tell yet," returned Albion, at the same time laying his hand upon the wrinkled brow and shuddering. "His flesh is cold and clammy, but not rigid like a dead man's. But come, we'll get him out of this, and we can tell more then."

Accordingly the body was drawn out from the bunk and lifted upon the upper deck, and after considerable examination both Albion and Tom came to the conclusion that there might be life present. At any rate he was carefully wrapped in an old sail, and then lowered into the boat. It was evident that there was nothing more on board the wreck worthy of further attention, for the whole contents of the cabin had been swept away, and the store-rooms were smashed in and filled with water. So the adventurers returned to their boat, and having bailed out the water, they cast off from the wreck and turned back towards the shore. It was easy rowing now, and soon our men stood upon the beach, where they found Sir William and the earl.

"Ah, what have you got there?" Sir William asked, as he saw some of his men lifting a body from the boat.

"You see," returned Albion, who had been and greeted his father; "it is the body of an old man I found on board the wreck, and I am not sure that he is dead."

"O yes, he is," said the baronet, as he went up and gazed into the sunken, ghastly features. "There's no life there, you may depend on't."

"Ah, but I am not so sure," Albion returned, with a dubious shake of the head. "He hasn't surely been drowned, and I know he hasn't been bruised. His flesh is easily moved, and you see his limbs are not stiff and rigid like they would be if he was dead. We'd better take him up to the hall and call a doctor, at any rate, and then if he is really dead we'll give him a decent burial. Of course you have no objections?"

"Most certainly not. And perhaps you may be right, after all. Let some of the men take him up at once."

A litter was quickly made from the fragments of the wreck that had washed up on to the beach, and four of the stoutest men lifted the load to their shoulders and started off.

It was now near the middle of the forenoon, and both Albion and Tom were tired and hungry, and as there were enough to look after everything upon the beach, they concluded to go up to the hall and get some breakfast. There were full two hundred people collected now upon the shore, some of them having already arrived from Framlingham, whither Sir William had sent for the officers.

When our two young friends reached the hall they found the physician already there. He had come over to see if his services were needed, and having found nothing but dead men, and well, at the beach, he had come up to rest and refresh himself. As soon as the body of the old man was brought in, Thomas had it conveyed to a comfortable bed in the servants' quarters, and the doctor followed on to examine the case.

"What do you think, doctor?" asked the young midshipman, after the man of knives and drugs had run his hands and eyes over the body.

"I think there's life here," was the reply, "though how long 'twill last I can't say."

"I thought so," resumed Albion, "and I hope you'll be able to bring him to. I suppose you'll have help enough without us?"

The doctor replied in the affirmative, and Albion and Tom left the apartment, leaving the four men to assist in the work of resuscitation, while they went for their breakfast. The women servants, some dozen in number, gathered about the breakfast-room to hear the news from the wreck. Master Thomas would have ordered them off, but Albion bade them stay, and while he eat he told them all that had happened, and when they had heard all they went away and talked about the matter; and then they talked about Albion Tiverton, and they said that he was a much better man than was their young master. But Master Thomas would have cared little had he even heard their remarks, for he gave no weight to the opinions of those beneath him. Tom had a good heart—a big soul, naturally—but his head was educated to rebel sometimes even against the very dictates of his more manly judgment. But he was being led now into a new field. The work of the past night and the present morning had opened a new idea into his mind, and he had experienced a certain degree of pleasure in having helped even the poor old man who was now under the doctor's hands.

Then there was another thing that was silently at work in Tom's soul; and that was, the relations existing between Albion and Alice Woodley. Had the subject of Albion's loving the poor fisher-girl been mentioned to him a month before, he would have fairly sickened at the thought, but now he felt differently, and more than once he had calmly asked himself if he should not be likely to act just as Albion had acted if he was in Albion's place—and he had not yet decidedly answered the question. The fact was, he loved Albion Tiverton, and he moreover knew that the young officer was one of the most true-hearted, noble fellows in existence, and he could not long look upon Albion's habits and course of action as wrong or ungentlemanly. Tom was gradually becoming more of the true man.

After the meal was eaten the young men again went up into the room where they had left the doctor, and they found him bending over the bed, while the other men were standing by with anxious countenances.

"How is it, doctor?" whispered our hero.

"He's coming," replied the operator, without looking up.

Albion drew near to the bed and gazed over the head-board, and he saw signs of life plainly working upon the old man's features. The eyes were partly opened—the lips were parted, and the nostrils moved. And the breast, too, seemed to rise and fall, as though the lungs were at work.

"He is surely coming," said Albion.

"O, yes, he's had his eyes open once, and his lips moved almost with speech. He has had a touch of catalepsis, and must certainly have been sick some time. There has been fever upon him, and most probably he was just getting up from it when this accident happened."

Albion still stood at the head of the bed, and Tom joined him, and ere long afterwards the old man fairly opened his eyes and turned his head.

"Do you know where you are?" asked the doctor, bending his head low down.

The patient looked up, and a ray of intelligence gleamed upon his face.

"Do you know where you are?" the doctor repeated.

"I am not dead," the man murmured, trembling violently.

"No, not a bit of it. You are safe as need be. Look up and see if you know me."

"Doctor Randassel?" said the man.

"No. Who is Doctor Randassel?"

"Our good doctor of London; but you are not him. I aint in London."

"No. Don't you remember where you have been?"

The invalid gazed anxiously about him for a moment, and then he closed his eyes. Directly he uttered a quick, wild cry, and started up.

"Lost! lost!" he cried. "The ship has—" He stopped and gazed again about him, and then sank back once more upon his pillow.

"You are safe," said the doctor. "So you need not fear."

"And where am I?"

"Where you will be taken good care of."

As the physician spoke, he looked carefully into the invalid's face, and then took his pulse, and while he held on by the wrist he told the poor man how he had been saved. The old fellow made no reply, but seemed trying to remember the scenes he had passed through.

"Now, gentlemen," said the man of medicine, turning to Albion and Tom, "we will leave him in the care of a nurse, and I will go down and prepare such medicine as I want him to have. The most he will need for the next twenty-four hours will be rest and quiet. Of course you can supply a nurse?"

"Certainly," said Thomas.

So the party left the apartment, and while the doctor went to prepare his medicine Tom went to select one of the women to attend to its administration, and after that both the young men went out to meet Sir William and the earl, who were just coming up the road. The baronet was very anxious to hear how the sufferer got along, and he was joyed when he heard the result.

"One man saved, at least," he said.

But little did Sir William dream who that sufferer was!

CHAPTER XIII.

VISITORS AT THE WIDOW'S COT.

It was on the day after the old man had been rescued from the wreck. All the dead bodies had been taken away by the proper authorities, and men were engaged in clearing away the rubbish of the wreck that had been washed on shore. Alice Woodley was in her little sitting-room, and her mother was busy in cooking. The maiden had been sitting with her sewing work upon her knees for some time, when her attention was arrested by the approach of a woman who bore a basket upon her arm. The woman was apparently old, and bent with years, and upon her head she wore a black hood that almost entirely concealed her face. Her dress was of faded black silk, and probably one that she had either stolen or begged. She entered the house without knocking, but stopped at the inner door until Alice invited her to come in. She came in and set down her basket, and then threw the old hood partly back from her head. Her hair was of a yellowish flaxen hue, and hung in dirt-caked, matted masses about her face and neck, and such of her face as could be seen was dirty and begrimmed. She gazed around the room with furtive glances, and then turned her eyes upon Alice.

"My good girl," she said, in a strange, creaking voice, "I am very thirsty."

Alice at once arose and quickly procured water, which she brought in a pitcher. The woman drank, and then set the pitcher upon the table near her.

"I am a poor, destitute woman," she said, as soon as Alice had taken her seat again, "and I am sorry to say that I am reduced even to begging. For the love of mercy give me something, if it be no more than a groat."

"We, too, are poor," returned Alice, looking with compassion upon the woman despite her dirty appearance; "but we are not so poor but that we can assist those who are more needy than ourselves. We have but little money now."

The maiden arose and went to a little room adjoining, and when she returned she had a half-crown in her hand.

"This much you may have with our blessing; and even that may assist you some. If others will only help you according to their means you need not suffer. Have you called at the hall?"

"The hall?" repeated the woman, looking up as though she did not understand.

"I mean at Linden Hall—the dwelling of Sir William Brentford," explained Alice.

"O, yes, I called there, and they gave me considerable. And they gave me these plums, too, in the basket here. They seem to be kind people."

"So they are," said Alice.

Shortly afterwards the woman arose to go, and as she took up her basket, she said:

"I cannot carry all these. Do you not love plums?"

"I eat them sometimes," returned the maiden.

"Then get me a dish and I will leave you part of these."

"No, no, my good woman, I do not want them. You may find opportunity to sell them."

"But I can't carry them any further. Were I young like yourself it would be different, but they bear heavy on my arm."

Rather than have any further argument, Alice fetched a basin, and the woman poured out some two quarts of her plums. They were the common black damson, and looked quite ripe and nice.

"You will find them most excellent," she said, "and I hope you will not think you are robbing me, for upon my soul I cannot carry them."

Alice professed to be very grateful for the gift, and shortly the woman turned towards the door.

"Which is the nearest way to the road?" she asked, after she had reached the inner door.

"Follow right back over the bridge, and take Sir William's carriage-path, that is the nearest," answered the maiden.

The woman thanked her, and then took her leave.

"Ho, mother, do you want some plums?" called Alice.

"Not now, my child. But how much did you give the woman?"

"Half a crown."

"It is considerable for us, but we can better spare it, perhaps, than she can do without it. Where did she get her plums?"

"She said at Linden Hall. I love plums, but I most certainly shall eat none of those."

"But why not?" asked the mother, advancing and looking into the basin.

"Why, if you could have seen her hands you would not ask. I never saw such dirty, filthy hands in all my life before. My stomach turns at the very thought. And see—there is dirt upon some of them. Just look at that one—see—it is half covered. It's flour, isn't it?"

Alice took up one of the plums as she spoke and showed it to her mother, and while they were examining it the sound of carriage wheels was heard at the door. The basin was quickly moved back upon the table, and Mrs. Woodley hurried out into her little kitchen, while Alice went to the door.

It was Sir William's carriage which had arrived, but the baronet himself was not there. The doctor, whom we have seen at the hall, was the first to alight, and a companion was with him.

"Doctor Dillon," said Alice, as she extended her hand to one who had been very kind to her mother; and there was a bright smile upon her face.

"I have come, my sweet child, to see how your mother is," said the doctor, as he passed into the house, "and you see I have brought a friend along with me, but he has only come to see the sights about our coast."

"He is very welcome to our humble cot," the maiden returned, as she set out two chairs, and then, with a smile, she added: "But he will find our coast at a disadvantage now, for we have had a rough visitor."

"We are aware of that, and a severe time it has been. One poor fellow is now at the hall who was rescued from the grasp of the storm."

"Was there one saved from the ship?" asked Alice, eagerly.

"Yes."

"But many, alas! will know the things of earth no more," she said, softly, while a moist light shone in her eyes. "God receive them!"

There was a moment's pause, and during that time Alice looked up into the face of the doctor's companion, but her eyes fell again, for she found him gazing steadfastly upon her. Little did the fair girl dream that it was the father of her noble lover who now sat there and gazed upon her. But so it was. Lord Tiverton had come over with the physician—just for the scenery, he said—but surely he had come to see for himself the sort of being with whom his boy had fallen in love.

"I am a privileged character here, and I shall take the liberty of going to see your mother, for I see she's in her kitchen."

The doctor said this with a smile, and as he spoke he arose and left the room. He was privileged, truly, for he had attended the widow through a long siege of sickness, and he would accept of no remuneration for it. He often called when it came near his way to see how she got along, and sometimes he left her small packages of invigorating medicines. After he had gone, of course the earl and Alice were left alone, and both of them seemed a little uneasy. Lord Tiverton was struck with something peculiar about the girl's appearance, and so was she impressed with the same idea respecting him. In fact, there was a striking resemblance between the father and son, though Alice's suspicions were not aroused in that quarter, for the idea of her visitor's true character did not enter her mind.

"You have a delightful residence here," the earl said, after he had viewed the maiden for some time.

"Yes, sir," she replied, looking up. "Most of the year it is very pleasant."

"I suppose it has its disadvantages, as have all other places," the earl resumed. "It is retired, and to some it would be lonesome."

"Yes, sir, but it is not lonesome to us, for in truth we have few friends to leave behind, go where we will; and I believe it is the absence of friends that makes what we call loneliness."

"I think you are right; though a dreary prospect may be lonesome, while a bright and joyous one would not be."

"Certainly, sir. You speak the truth. I should not want to live in a drear and cheerless home, for I should surely be miserable then. But here we have the fields and hills, the streams and the vales, the trees and the flowers, upon one hand, and the great ocean of mystery and grandeur on the other. O, sir, this is a very beautiful home."

It was not the words which the girl spoke that caused the earl to gaze so steadily into her face, but it was the manner in which they were spoken, and the strange, transcendent light that beamed in her countenance. A waking smile was upon her lips, and its soft, sweet tone went even to her eyes.

"After all," said the earl, "it is the spirit of contentment that makes the beauties of any home. Even heaven itself would be no home without contentment."

"True, sir, very true; and yet sometimes, in view of what we see here on earth, we might be almost led to think that there would be some who would be even discontented in heaven. Too few realize the blessings which are showered upon them. The joys and pleasures of a year pass away and are forgotten, while the misfortunes of an hour are held firmly in remembrance, and made the source of repining and regret."

"You speak advisedly for one so young, my fair child," said Tiverton, becoming more and more interested.

"Do not flatter me, sir, for I have but treasured up a few simple truths that are whispered in the breeze of every changing wind."

"And did you not know that the person who gathers instruction in that manner is by far the most worthy?"

"I know that the world does not so consider it, sir."

"Yet it is so, lady."

"Perhaps you are right there, sir; but yet you must admit that very many—too many—are governed by the opinions of the world, even though in some cases such opinions may conflict with their own better judgments."

"Yes, yes," said the earl; but he spoke in an absent tone, and his eyes were bent to the floor. He knew that the maiden spoke the truth, and he knew, too, that it rubbed hard upon his own course of life.

Soon Lord Tiverton led off upon another subject, and thither Alice modestly followed him. She showed plainly that her mind was not only stored with valuable information, but that she possessed a calm, clear, discriminating mind. Her judgment was not only superior, but it was readily at hand. Truths were intuitive with her, and analogy was thoroughly at her command. The very expression upon the earl's features showed that he was charmed. His gaze was fixed upon the beautiful face before him, and at length he suddenly stopped in his conversation and bent his eyes to the floor. He raised his right hand to his brow and remained thus for several moments.

"Has your mother lived long here?" he asked, at length raising his head.

"Only about five years, sir," returned Alice, somewhat moved by the man's manner.

Again the earl gazed into the maiden's face, and he seemed to be studying deeply upon something that had come to his mind; but before he could ask any more questions the doctor returned, and with him came the widow.

"You see, Mrs. Woodley," said the physician, with a smile, as he entered the room, " took the liberty to invite a guest. He only accompanied me to see the beach here."

Dillon did not introduce his companion by name, for the earl had requested him not to, stating as a reason that it annoyed him to have his rank known among common people.

Mrs. Woodley very graciously bade the stranger welcome, and then took a seat near her daughter. The earl gazed upon her after she had sat down, and their eyes met. Lord Tiverton started—and so did the widow. Tiverton half started from his chair, and the widow shrank back and tried to overcome the emotion that had seized upon her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FIDELITY TO ENGAGEMENTS.

Individuals who make promises which they never intend to perform, who enter into engagements, knowing that they cannot fulfil them, or who proffer kindnesses, designing at the same time merely to deceive, will discover in the end, that they have trifled with and lost their friends, that they have insulted and thus embittered their acquaintances, that they have wantonly played with and thus sacrificed their reputation. An experienced merchant will never go among his neighbors and solicit a favor, without intending and determining to redeem the obligation at the appointed time. Any other course, he is aware, would be fatal to him for the future. The young, therefore, who are just beginning life, and who, consequently, have characters to establish, should exercise the utmost caution. They should never undertake more than they feel able to accomplish—they should never promise more than they can achieve. A policy of this kind, firmly determined upon, and steadily adhered to, is calculated to have an effect, not only for the time, but upon the character for life. The individual, moreover, who commences wrong, who forgets or violates propriety or principle, who mocks at, and disregards all fidelity to engagements, will soon discover that he has committed a sad error, and be compelled to pay a fearful penalty.

There is nothing more important than confidence between man and man. It is a bond of priceless value. But this confidence can only be established by a knowledge of the nature, the disposition, and the principles, and by practical illustration, in acts rather than words. There are individuals in the community at this moment, in whom the fullest faith is felt by all who enjoy the pleasure of their acquaintance, nay, by many strangers. Any sum that is confided to their care is regarded as perfectly safe; any trust that they undertake is sure to be discharged with the utmost fidelity; any statement they may make is received with the utmost confidence. They have built up this character by a long course of fidelity, duty and integrity. They may have imperfections like their fellow-creatures; they may have their prejudices, their infirmities and their weaknesses; but they are truthful, reliable and trustworthy. Hence, in moments of difficulty, they are always consulted. They are appealed to as arbiters, and their decision is depended upon as that of reason, integrity and justice. Such a character is, indeed, to be envied and emulated. It is an object of just admiration. It constitutes a bright and shining example to society; and while it is a source of consolation to its possessor, it forms a beacon and an incentive to the virtuous, the high-minded and the honorable. "He can be depended upon—he is a man of his word—what he says is reliable." These are expressions and endorsements to which the young should look with confidence and with courage, as the noblest reward of their first efforts in life. And when, too, fidelity becomes a habit, the path is not only an easy one to follow, but it is sweetened and brightened with many flowers—*Philadelphia Enquirer.*

NEW DISCOVERY.

Mr. Edward Boyer, of Nimes, has recently solved a problem, of which the illustrious inventor of lithography, Alois Senefelder, had vainly attempted the solution, and in which all the efforts of his disciples have failed. Even M. Jobard, notwithstanding his talents and acquirements, and his extraordinary skill in lithography, had failed to accomplish the discovery. Mr. Boyer explains his invention, which he calls *homœography*, in the following terms:

"The discovery I sought, was the means of reproducing, on stone, any typographical work, wood engraving, or lithographic print, immediately, and without expense, or by the employment of a valueless substance a perfect impression from any page or copy, so that the most minute parts are preserved; and these can be multiplied to any extent that is required. By means of this invention, all typographical works, ancient or modern, can be reprinted, with their vignettes, engravings, or pen illustrations, each impression serving as a plate for the rest. An octavo volume of five hundred pages can be executed and delivered in six or eight days; and in a few minutes, at the cost of a few sous, an engraving can be copied, the original of which may have cost one hundred francs."—*Home Journal.*

AFRICAN APE.

Professor Owen, in a recent lecture before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, thus alludes to a fearful species of ape, first discovered not long ago:

"Since the determination of the true nature and character of the great ourang, or pongo of Baron Wurmb, and of the adult chimpanzee, evidence has been obtained of a smaller species of ourang in Borneo, and also of a larger and more formidable species of chimpanzee in Africa, to which the name of gorilla (*troglodytes Gorilla*) has been given. This most formidable animal is upwards of five feet in height, measures three feet across the chest; the circumference of the wrist is three times that of an ordinary strong man, and its strength in proportion. To these species—the great Gorilla—those reports and notices related of the much dreaded, ape-like animal of the African wilds, that were met with in the records of travellers, from old Battell down to Mrs. Bowditch's reminiscences of Ashantee."

He hath made a good progress in business that hath thought well of it beforehand. Some do first, and think afterwards.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

HOW TO QUIET THEM.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"Bless me, what a racket! I declare if it isn't enough to set one crazy. What under the sun has got into you all to behave so, or rather misbehave yourselves in such a way! You act like a parcel of wild Indians. How do you suppose I'll ever get supper ready with so many of you under my feet all the time, and such a shouting in my ears? If it's anybody in this created world that needs patience, it's a mother. Talk of Job's patience! I should like to know what he ever had to try him that is equal to what I have now, and every time, indeed, I set out to get a meal. I declare, I could sit down and cry with a good grace. I am completely worn out." And ceasing, from sheer fatigue, her impassioned discourse, half soliloquy, half declamatory, Mrs. Mann threw herself into her rocker, and strove by a violent pressure of her hands upon her forehead to regain the mastery of her confused thoughts.

Some would have said she was to be pitied; others, that they envied her. The mother of four, bright, beautiful, healthy children, those parents whose empty cradles sadly reminded them of the little green mounds in the graveyards, and those wedded ones whose hearthstones had never been gladdened by the musical patter of baby feet, would have looked upon her as one on whom God had gladly smiled and bountifully blessed, and coveted her holy task. Mothers, with as many laughing, dancing ones of their own about them,—most of them, at least, would have said, on the impulse of the moment, "I pity her—four such noisy little ones are enough to set her crazy." And yet not one of them would have been willing to give up one of their own darlings, unruly as it might be, and though it threatened each day to set them raving, and would have thought *her* hard indeed in heart, could she for a moment only have harbored such a fell idea. And she herself, though she had just pronounced a tirade against them in such emphatic terms that a stranger might have fancied her devoid of tender feeling, would have grown sick and faint, had she but seen the shadow of the death-angel hovering over one of them.

Very, very dear were those little ones to her. She could labor all day for them without one murmur; she could watch by their restless couch all night with an unwearied eye. They were first in her prayers, and first in every thought. And when she was herself, and not an all-tired, half-sick creature, with every muscle aching, and every nerve unstrung, she could bear with their noisy outbreaks, and with their frolicsome capers, not only patiently, but lovingly. They would come to her then as birds' songs and wind-circles to earth, making her heart full of melody, and her home full of life.

But now,—we see how it went now. It was not that the little ones were noisier or wilder than they had been many a time before, that she was so annoyed. Ah, no! The trouble was not in them; it was all in her. And yet—so she said—"how could she help it?" She was tired, very tired. She had stood over the wash-tub since early dawn, and was now every moment expecting her husband into supper, and the cloth was not laid, nor the kettle boiled, nor the cakes fried; and her four children, just released from school, as full of life and frolic as young colts, and as hungry as little cubs, were tearing here and there about the room, screaming over the story of the day, and calling out between each sentence, "When will it be ready? I'm almost starved."

But hopeless as her case seemed, Mrs. Mann knew it would never do to yield to her despairing thoughts. Something must be done, and that quickly. So she left her chair, and turning to the eldest, a little girl of ten, who was just lifting the lid of the tea-kettle, to see, as she said, "whether the water blubbered," she bade her—in a very firm tone, too—to go and sit down at one end of the lounge, and sit still, too, or she would have no supper to-night. The youngest boy she stood up in one corner, with his face to the wall, and told him not to turn around till he was called to the table. The two other little fellows had each a stool given them, and they were told to sit down on them and behave themselves, or they'd get nothing to eat. And thus, having put them all out of her way, she proceeded to her evening duties. For about two minutes there was quite a calm, but then Ellen called out:

"Mother! mother! Jimmy is tearing the paper off the wall."

"No, I aint either, so there. You tell a big story. I aint did no such thing. It was all loose, and I just lifted it up to see what there was under it. I didn't never think of tearing it."

"I wish you could once in a while see things without wondering what was in them or under them," exclaimed the mother, seizing the little five year old philosopher by the shoulders, and sitting him down with something of a jerk into his high chair. "Now sit there, and sit still, too;" and she turned and went into the pantry.

"Get up, pony! Go a-long, you lazy fellow! Whoa, now! Why don't you get up when I tell you! Whoa! Now, go-a-long!"

"What are you two about now?" asked the matron, as she returned to the stove. "Playing horse with those stools, as I'm alive! I wonder if you can keep still. And what are you doing, Miss Ellen, with that cushion rolled up in your apron? Pretty looking thing it will be to wear to school to-morrow! I should think you were old enough to keep still."

"Well, I am still, aint I, mother? I am sure, I aint made a breath of noise. I was only making a baby, 'cause I don't like to sit still and have nothing to do."

"No more does I," shouted little Jimmy, from his wooden throne. "I want something to do, too, 'cause I get so tired, doing nothing."

"And so do we, mother," joined in George and Harry. "Only give us something to do and we wont make no noise. But it's awful hard work to sit still here with nothing but the bare floor to look at. See if we aint still and good as soon as we get busy."

The mother hesitated a moment. She did not feel like stopping her employment to look up something to quiet her children; it seemed to her as though they ought to be still when she told them to, as though they ought to mind, let the act of obedience be ever so repulsive. But a little reflection told her, what indeed past experience had already suggested, that to quiet an active child, you must engage his mind, rivet his attention and give him something to do. So she set down the bowl of batter she was beating, and going into the parlor, returned with four illustrated newspapers.

"Now, if you will be very careful," said she, "I will let you each take one of these papers. They are full of beautiful pictures. But you mustn't tear them, or make a noise about them, but change with each other quietly. Come; get each one of you a chair, and sit down to the little table."

There was a joyful scampering among the little ones, and in less than a moment, each was seated, poring with delighted eye over the varied cuts, and guessing what each one meant. Once in a while there would come an earnest whisper, and now and then a merry peal of laughter, as some funny thing was pointed out, but there were no rude cries or ugly whoops; all was gentle, quiet, beautiful; a home scene to charm the most stoical eye.

"Good little children," said the father, softly, as he stole on tiptoe to the pretty group; "and so quiet, too! You are having a nice time, aint you?"

"I guess we be," responded Jimmy, earnestly. "Just look here, papa; here's a big dog dragging a little boy out of the river. Do you suppose he fell in? I am afraid he'll die before they can get him home."

"No, he wont die either," said George; "he's only a picture boy. But just look here, father, and see what a lot of trainers. O, don't I wish I was one of those little boys that stand looking on? I guess I'd halloa some!"

"No, you wouldn't, would he, papa?" and Jimmy looked up earnestly. "'Cause you see you wouldn't be anything but a picture boy, and you'd have to be still."

"And I guess," said Ellen, with quite a womanly air, "mother would rather you'd all be picture boys once in a while, than to be live ones; especially when you carry on as you did a little while ago."

"Well, you can't say much, Miss Sis, for you plagued her as much as we, didn't she, mother?"

"We wont talk about that now," said Mrs. Mann, pleasantly. "Supper is ready; aint you hungry?"

"I was, but I forgot all about it," was the joint response, as they turned reluctantly from the fascinating pictures, Jimmy saying as he climbed into his high chair, "I wish you would always give me pictures to look at when I make a noise; wont you, mother?"

"I am afraid my pictures wouldn't hold out, my little boy; but I'll try after this and always give you something to do," and then speaking to herself, she said, "and I'll pray for a larger stock of patience, and fresh memories of my own childish pranks."

A STRANGER.

Those who are termed "simple-minded people" adopt a curiously innocent mode of expression occasionally, which comes so near art at times, as to render its simplicity doubtful.

We heard of a young married couple (from the country, of course), who recently attended an exhibition of Dissolving Views. The bride, being pretty, attracted the attention of a stylish-looking city gent., who happened to occupy the same seat with the twain. During the exhibition, the audience part of the hall being already obscured, by some accident the light was entirely extinguished. Pending its recovery, which occupied some little time, the city gentleman, perhaps accidentally, pressed the hand of the bride, who was too much alarmed to offer any resistance. This bold act was followed by a bolder, and certainly not accidental one; for the city Lothario absolutely kissed the bride! This was too much, and the wife resolved to tell her husband, when the following whispered colloquy took place:

"John!"

"What?"

"This feller's kissing me!"

"Well, tell him to quit."

"No, John—you tell him."

"Tell him yourself."

"No, John, I don't like to; you tell him—the gentleman's a perfect stranger to me."

Our informant did not know whether the city gentleman ultimately received a notice or not; but was under the impression that the unlawful salutes were repeated several times before the lamps were re-lighted.—*Worcester Transcript.*

FLORICULTURE.

The advance in the science of flowers is a page in the progress of the country. It is not a mere fancy, a plaything and a toy. The great culture, the improved varieties, the better knowledge of the habits and adaptations of the flower, the gathering into our own latitude of so many of the vivid and brilliant of other lands, all these have tended, and are working every hour, in the same good deed; to attach many men, men of determined mark in the world's enterprises, to their homes—and he observes human nature superficially who does not see that they anchor safely who cast it at home. The great progress made in Floriculture is an indication that the land is in the ownership of a contented and abiding people. Men do not twine a floral wreath around the house that is but the abode of the wayfarer.—*N. Y. Courier and Enquirer.*

A BRISK PLACE.

There is a good anecdote told of the little town of Portland, Indiana. While a certain steamboat was putting out from there not long since, for New Orleans, the mate, an old boatman, turned to some passengers and remarked:

"This little town, gentlemen, looks dull; but I assure you, it is *perhaps* a mighty brisk place. About fifteen years ago, as I was going down with a flat boat to New Orleans, we stopped here to procure some provisions. I went up into the town, and seeing a coat hanging out of a shop-door, just took it. The owner came after me—caught me—took me before a magistrate. I was tried, convicted, took thirty-nine lashes, and was back to the boat in fifteen minutes! I tell you, gentlemen, a mighty brisk little place is that same P[illegible]and.—*Western paper.*

SOCIAL CHAT IN A RAILROAD CAR.

One of the finest fellows in the world, and one of the comeliest, too, is Billy Florence, as we always call him, for short. He has about as much *bonhommie* as the next man, and he who has more will be hard to find.

Mr. Florence and his vivacious and charming lady, had just fulfilled an arduous engagement at Pittsburg, and were turning their steps hitherward by the lightning line. The weather was intensely cold, and wrapping her cloak gracefully around her, Mrs. F., grown weary and seeking repose, reclined upon the sofa used by herself and husband, while he looked around for a seat elsewhere. In the direction of the stove he perceived a vacant seat by a tall and demure individual, who wore a white hat; so leaving Mrs. Florence to the pleasing dreams that might cast their "rare and roseate shadows" over her car-rocked slumbers, Billy propelled, and, after a polite bow, took his seat by the side of the stranger. Presently a conversation was started. Being affability itself, Florence did the agreeable with peculiar politeness. Casually casting his eye across the car, he discovered a suppressed smile upon the countenance of almost every one who had not, like Mrs. F., embraced the advances of Somnus, and passed many a weary mile in a state of dreamy forgetfulness.

"The weather is quite cold," said Florence.

"Yes; but it's not uncomfortable here," responded the white hat.

"It looks bleak and winterish enough without," said our hero.

"But by a warm stove and a good shelter, who thinks of the whirling winds or the poor devils who are exposed to them," was the rejoinder of the stranger.

Florence was puzzled. The man in the white hat did not move. His feet remained in the same position, without alternately crossing each other, as feet very generally do when one is compelled to be seated several hours without locomotion. Again looking round, our friend W. J. F. saw not only a suppressed titter, but a broad grin on several faces.

"If it be not an impertinent question," said he, renewing the conversation, which had been slightly interrupted, "may I ask where you may be going?"

"Certainly," was the answer. "To Columbus."

"I, also, am going in that direction. Will your stay be long there?"

"Some seven years;" and a closer observer than Billy might have seen a shadow flit over his features. He drew the white hat down closer over his eyes, and repeated, as it were, to himself: "Yes, seven years."

"So long!" said Billy Florence, who, innocent soul, had been so accustomed to knock about through the broad expanse of our country in the fulfilment of his successful engagements, little thought of the different kinds of necessity that compel men to remain so long in one place.

At last the shrill whistle of the locomotive announced the approach to Columbus, and Florence was preparing to take leave of his new-made acquaintance, when a stout-looking man, who had been sitting just across the aisle from the two, stepped over, and slapping the gentleman in the white hat familiarly on the shoulder, said:

"Come! we're here at Columbus."

The man in the white hat arose, and then the solution of the mystery sent such a shock through the heart of the "sold," that he did not recover his equanimity till a party of friends and the silvery voice of his dear little wife banished the adventure from his memory.

The man in the white hat was fettered and manacled, and was a candidate for a public building in Columbus, which was not the capitol, where his *term of service would be seven years.*—*Cincinnati Courier.*

CHLOROFORM.

We know of a young lady who protracted her father's life several months by rubbing him daily with chloroform, while his vital energies were sinking under the disease called consumption. She was accustomed to manipulate him every day with chloroform, until, overcome herself by its fumes she would sink down upon the floor, and remain, sometimes, for a whole hour in that situation. But she liked it, and described the effect upon her as being so delicious, that, as soon as she recovered from its influence, she longed for the time to come round when she would be expected to repeat the operation. Her father died, but the love of chloroform has become almost a passion with the daughter.—*New York Express Messenger.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE CHANGE.

BY W. S. ROTHE.

There is an animal we meet,
  That well deserves our pity;
The country greenhorn, just arrived
  In this great bustling city!

He wanders up and down our streets,
  All innocent and green,
And dreams by night, of everything
  He has by daylight seen!

His coat is long, his pants are short,
  His boots are awful thick;
And in his hands he firmly holds
  His heavy hickory stick.

His hands are browned with honest toil,
  His hair well candled down,
By which 'tis very plainly seen,
  He's "lately come to town!"

Two years have past—behold him now!
  A patent bandbox dandy;
Who uses for the public good,
  His stock of oaths so handy.

His coat is in the latest style,
  His vest is a-la-mode;
His pants contain too little cloth,
  To be a heavy load.

His friends, too, often tell him now
  How he's improved of late—
And, for his future great success,
  Fondly anticipate!

The change is great, but is it good?
  If he so much improved,
Perhaps 'twere well, if from his home
  He never here had moved!

* * *

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE

FIRST AND SECOND WIFE.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

"HEM that cravat for me that I brought in yesterday; I want it this evening."

The speaker, a stout, ruddy "six footer," looked down on a small, pale woman, who sat holding a fat boy of seven months, while another in its third summer was pulling lustily at her dress.

"You've got three very good ones, ready to wear; wont one of those suit you? I've got a great deal to do to-day," was the reply.

"No; I want the new one; I like a change once in a while. And I really wish you'd stop pleading such an amount of work when I ask a small favor. You always do it."

"O, no; not always," she rejoined, mildly. "Sometimes the children are more trouble than at others."

"There it is again—the children! I'm tired of hearing the old story. Anybody would think, by your talk, that you were killed with work, with only your husband and two little boys, who, I dare say, are as easy to take care of as the common run of children. What if you had *six*,

that thy gentle heart needs something warmer than blood, and the head better dreams than the pillow can give it; that the perfumed flower-leaves of thy youth must soon be drawn together to form the scentless calyx leaves, to protect the honey-cup for thy husband, who will soon demand of thee neither tenderness nor a light heart, but only rough working fingers, feet never weary, laboring arms, and a quiet, paralytic tongue."

And so when Agnes Tracy thought she recognised her second self in one of the stronger sex, she gave him, unreservedly, the whole wealth of her affections, won by the honeyed words and the winning tones which are so common before matrimony, but which, unfortunately for both parties, are generally neglected afterward. She left father, mother, brother, home, friends, all, to become a wife, never harboring a suspicion that the chosen one did not mean all he said, even to loving her better than himself.

But Time, that great expounder of mysteries, solver of problems, and the stern teacher whose lessons may not be scorned, brought convictions which she could not well withstand. Gradually the truth dawned upon her that she had married a cold, selfish man, who had been attracted by her personal beauty and accomplishments, and perhaps—but Agnes spurned that idea at first—by the considerable property her kind father had made over to her, which he lost no time in putting in a "safe place." Where was her ideal love? Where the earnest suitor, with his looks of tenderness and his words of eloquence? Echo, in mournful, dirge-like tones, repeated, *where?*

Mrs. Luther was a disappointed wife. Her husband, although not positively unkind, was unloving; and that, to one of her sensitive, susceptible nature, was almost equivalent. He expressed no sympathy in her movements, considered it beneath his dignity to inquire into anything relating to domestic matters, and labored under the common delusion that housework *did itself;* and that the care of children (one in arms) was nothing but a pleasure. It wasn't at all likely that his wife was ever tired, so he rarely condescended to ask her the question, or offered to relieve her of the charge of either of her offspring when he happened to be in the house an hour or two. O, no; Mrs. Luther was undoubtedly made of iron, or some other material that wouldn't wear out, and might be on her feet all day, and awake all night, without any detriment to her physical system. A washerwoman was employed weekly, and what reasonable wife could ask more? If he hired a girl, there'd be nothing left for Mrs. Luther to do, and the probability was that she would either be wearing her clothes out tramping the streets, or else relapse into reprehensible habits of indolence, which ill become a good wife and devoted mother. But we will not detail more of Mr. Luther's eccentricities—in charity we will give them no harsher name—but let them develop as we proceed with our sketch.

Conversations like the one we have narrated, were not unfrequent. Mrs. Luther acceded to his inconsiderate and unfeeling demands, because she could not well do otherwise; she was dependent upon him for even her small meed of happiness. Her parents had deceased soon after her marriage, her only brother lived in a distant city, leaving no friendly and pitying ear to listen to her earnest longings for spirit companionship. Had she been childish, she would have wished to die; but the remembrance of the loved ones committed to her charge, reconciled her to an existence, which, without them, would have been insupportable.

On this morning, like many other weary mornings which now were counted by months and years, Mrs. Luther commenced her task—the severe physical labor of attending, unaided, to the wants of two young children, cleaning, cooking, and the endless minutiæ of domestic affairs. The room did not present a very encouraging aspect. The breakfast table stood in the centre, with the usual compliment of odds and ends, unwashed dishes, etc. Mr. Luther's dressing-gown, slippers, shaving apparatus (he generally made a dressing-room of the kitchen in the winter, it was so much more comfortable) lay scattered about in beautiful confusion, while headless horses, tailless dogs, broken miniature houses, squeaking trumpets, and disabled soldiers, might be seen upon and under every chair; the mother availing herself of anything in the shape of toys which would serve to amuse her little charges while her attention was elsewhere directed. There were so many things to be done she hardly knew what to do first; each day brought its particular duties which could not well be omitted. She took up the baby, nicely washed and neatly dressed the little fellow, and placing him in the cradle, went through with the same operation with the mischievous prattler who had, meanwhile, busied himself with overturning her work-box, to the imminent detriment of several spools of white thread which he deposited in the coal-hod.

When this was done, the turkey and a quantity of vegetables were brought in, and all matters being secondary to dinner (Mr. Luther never overlooked any omission or tardiness in that department of housekeeping), everything else was set aside for that. It is no small matter to dress and prepare a large fowl for the oven, as any one knows who has had experience in such particulars; and by the time that duty was successfully accomplished, the vegetables duly cleaned, and the cranberries stewed and dished, the pudding claimed attention. A few minutes reflection decided what it should be, when the best part of an hour was spent in putting the different materials together. She was so busily engaged in this proceeding, that ambitious little Josie mounted an opposite table unnoticed, and stood gazing curiously at his round face in the looking-glass. An inadvertent step backward sent him tumbling to the floor, when the frightened mother, forgetting her pudding in anxiety for her child, soothed and rocked him until his sobs were hushed in sleep. Just then the baby, indignant at her long neglect, screamed lustily, of course waking his brother, whose swollen head inclined him also to join in the chorus, which the perturbed parent had much difficulty in stilling.

A nervous glance at the stove reminded her that the coal was getting low, and another at the clock that the moments were precious. More fuel had to be brought from the cellar (Mr. Luther always managed to forget that), and so his wife, with aching head and trembling step, was forced to fill the hod, and drag it slowly up the stairs. The fire was too far gone to revive quickly without the aid of charcoal, so a second journey was made below for that article, and after persevering efforts, a fresh blaze was started.

Worried and anxious, Mrs. Luther alternately looked at the clock and the turkey; the hands of the former went round steadily, but the latter seemed not to bake at all. Dinner would inevitably be late, and what would Mr. Luther say? He rarely made any allowances for circumstances, reproached her for neglect, and wondered why she "didn't punish Josie, when he happened to get a fall, instead of *babying* him. Women always went to work the wrong way to do anything, and then when there was trouble, the husband got blamed for it."

The clock struck twelve. Between the turkey, the fire, and the children, the breakfast dishes remained in *statu quo*. Those were to be washed, the knives to be cleaned, the table to be laid, the vegetables to be cooked, the pudding to be watched, the fire in the parlor to be kindled, and her own toilet made for company, in just sixty minutes. Poor Mrs. Luther! she was in an unfavorable situation for entertaining a visitor agreeably. Her temples throbbed with pain, her face was heated and flushed, while her knees bent under her with weakness. And yet she must make an effort to look glad and happy, or her husband would wish, as he had often done, that he had not married a moping, complaining wife." Ah, it is the little things of life that make our happiness or misery! How much a single kind word would have encouraged the disheartened one—how much joy a sympathizing look would have infused into her sinking soul! O, ye husbands! be not chary of these blessed heart-tokens which cost you nothing. They may be but trifles to you, but they are much, very much to the mother of your children. Deprive her not of them, for they sustain her wonderfully in her wearisome struggle with life's cares.

But we are moralizing, forgetting the while that the fine fowl in the oven has, in return for Mrs. Luther's close attention, put on a beautiful brown, that cannot be excelled. Again and again, despite the glowing coal that made her cheeks tingle, she moistened it with the fluid in the pan, prepared a delicious gravy, seasoned the vegetables to a charm, and had the satisfaction (by making an extraordinary effort) of getting everything in readiness simultaneously with the city clock's striking one, and the entrance of her husband and his friend. Leaving the latter in the parlor, Mr. Luther at once proceeded to the kitchen.

"Dinner ready?" was his first inquiry upon entering.

"Almost," responded Mrs. Luther, lifting the fowl from the stove to the table.

"Roasted, as sure as I'm alive!" he exclaimed, taking a step forward. "What could induce you to cook it in that way?"

"Why, I took it for granted that you wanted it roasted! You said nothing to the contrary," she replied, with considerable surprise.

"Well, what if I didn't! People boil turkeys, sometimes, as well as bake them, and a change once in a while is desirable. I sha'n't enjoy the dinner a bit. I had set my mind upon boiled turkey—roast you can find at every corner," said Mr. Luther, with ill-concealed impatience.

"I am sorry you are disappointed. If you had told me your wishes, I would have governed myself by them," his wife patiently rejoined, struggling to repress her wounded feelings.

"We can eat it as it is, I suppose. What have you got for pudding?—a batter, I hope—Morris is fond of them, he tells me," added the husband, in a tone rather more good natured.

"No, I have made a very nice plum pudding, as you said last week you liked them much better than batter."

"What if I did? Because one likes beefsteak, it's no sign he wants it every day for dinner! It seems to me you have put yourself out to cook the wrong things. But it's always so—I might have known better than to ask company home. Morris never eats plum pudding; I think I remember hearing him say so."

"But how should I know his likes or dislikes?" remonstrated Mrs. Luther, justly hurt by the ingratitude and captiousness of his last remark.

"By asking, I suppose; I know of no other way. Now don't disfigure your face with crying, I beg of you, Mrs. Luther, for it looks red and blistered enough already. And pray wipe those children's faces, for I wouldn't have Morris see them in that trim for a ten-spot. I don't see what's to prevent you from keeping Josie out of the coal hod. If you had a large family I shouldn't wonder, but as it is, it's a mystery to me," added the affectionate father, lifting Josie from the floor, and seating him in a chair with more force than was necessary; a movement that so offended the latter that he set up a loud scream, which the irritated parent endeavored to hush by a blow upon the ear. But as this did not mend the matter, he was forced to turn the child over to his mother, with the consoling remark "that she had ruined him."

And this was Mrs. Luther's reward for her morning's work; this her compensation for the numberless steps she had taken, the petty trials she had endured, and a sincere desire to have everything performed to her husband's satisfaction. No wonder the sigh would come, and the tear would flow. Not a syllable of commendation for the pains she had taken to please him, not a word of merited praise for her promptness; nothing but fault finding. Her efforts were taken as a matter of course. She was his wife, and these duties devolved upon her, sick or well, weak or strong, and it was the height of folly for her to expect to be pitied and fondled like a spoilt child.

Mrs. Luther strove hard to appear calm, and unconscious that anything had happened to occasion disagreeable reflections, and succeeded far enough to perform her part as hostess with credit. Over-exertion had brought on a feeling of exhaustion, and entirely deprived her of appetite; but she had the gratification of seeing her visitor eat heartily of turkey, and hearing him praise the pudding, which Mr. Luther had prophesied so unqualifiedly he would not like. This was something; yet a few words of like character from her husband would have possessed far more value in her eyes. But censure was oftener on his lips than commendation, so he contented himself by observing "that the room was full of smoke," in a voice that laid the blame entirely at her door, when in fact the east wind was at the bottom of the annoyance.

All things have an end, and so had the dinner. The two gentlemen shut themselves up in the parlor to smoke (that kind of vapor rarely incommoded Mr. Luther) and converse at their leisure, while the wife, faint, tired and sad, rocked the baby to sleep, gave Josie something new to play with, and then, without a moment's rest, began the afternoon programme. All the dinner things were to be cleansed and returned to their places, beside sweeping and dusting, chamber-work, etc., which had necessarily been left undone in the morning. When these were at length accomplished, the short winter's day had materially diminished. Mrs. Luther thought of the cravat. Should she sit down and hem it immediately, lest something should happen to prevent her doing it at all? Such had been her intention, but reflecting that there would be quite as much displeasure manifested if the nice cake and light warm bread were not forthcoming at tea-time, with a sigh, deep and bitter, she set herself about making them. Four times she was interrupted in this employment; twice to rock and feed the worrisome babe, and twice to answer a noisy summons at the door.

Half an hour of daylight remained, as Mrs. Luther seated herself by the window, drew up the shade as far as possible, and with one foot on the cradle to move it back and forth gently when the child stirred in its troubled sleep, and the other for the accommodation of Josie, who was using it as a kind of horse, turned down the hem of the cravat. It was of quite dark material, obliging her to look steadily and closely at the stitches. Her eyes—never strong—smarted under this continued strain, and before one side was completed, she was forced to rise and bathe them in cold water. This relieved her somewhat, and lighting a lamp, she returned to her stitching, pausing only to pick up and console Josie for a sorry bump. The monitor on the shelf pointed warningly to the hour when Mr. Luther usually returned, making her nervous fingers fly the faster.

Hark!—the outer door is opened, while a noise as of some one groping his way, assures the trembling wife that she has forgotten the lighting of the hall-lamp, in her haste to hem the cravat.

"Pitch dark, and no light in the house!" was his ungracious exclamation, as he strode into the room. "I wish you'd see to things properly, and not oblige a man to stumble round in this way!"

Mrs. Luther tried to excuse herself, but she was cut short.

"Don't stop to make up a string of reasons, for I don't want to hear 'em. I'm tired, and want my tea as soon as possible. No sign of supper, is there?"

Mrs. Luther intimated that she had nothing to do but to lay the table.

"That ought to have been done before dark."

"I know it; but I have been busy every minute."

"Undoubtedly," was the husband's sarcastic reply. "You have more to do than any woman I know of. And why you should let that cravat be till this time of day, is more than I know. I suspect, however, if the truth was known, that you are a trifle or more slack, Mrs. Luther. Don't it come as near that as anything?"

The latter made no rejoinder; not from disrespect, but because her heart was too full to speak. The last stitch was taken, the cravat folded and laid aside, and tea soon on the table. Mr. Luther, apparently half ashamed of his unhusbandlike remarks, offered to hold the baby a few minutes, and in several ways tried to appear to better advantage. But the wife could not so soon forget his harsh, unkind words, so the meal was concluded with very little on either side, after which he dressed himself for an evening's entertainment away from home. He did not tell where he was going, or mention at what hour he should return; but as this was not the first occurrence of the same nature, Mrs. Luther was not surprised, as indeed she would have been, had he spent an entire evening with her. That was something which seldom happened now; she had learned not to expect it. Being too much fatigued to sew, several long hours of solitary reflection followed. In melancholy mood, she sat rocking slowly until ten o'clock, when Mr. Luther came in. He made a few casual remarks, then took up the lamp and went up stairs, followed by his wife, carrying the youngest child, who, for a day or two, had given indications of illness. The wearied mother gladly sought her pillow, hoping to lose in balmy sleep the consciousness of mental and physical suffering. But the babe was not quiet long; it grew restless, and moaned constantly as if in pain.

"Do stop that child's noise, Agnes!" said the husband. "I haven't been able yet to get a wink of sleep. Get up and rock him a little, can't you? He wont be quiet, I suppose, any other way."

Mrs. Luther left her bed, but as the proposed rocking did not bring about the desired end, she took the heavy boy in her arms, and paced the room softly a long time lest Mr. Luther should be farther disturbed. It never once entered the thoughts of the latter individual to offer his assistance, and when his wife remarked that she feared Harry was seriously ill, he promptly denominated it a "fit of temper, which she would do well not to humor." But the anxious mother had different convictions, which every moment strengthened. She knew that the presence of a physician was indispensable, yet this suggestion was pronounced highly ridiculous by Mr. Luther, who was not prevailed upon to dress and go for one until after midnight.

It is not needful to dwell upon what transpired afterward; suffice it to say, that little Harry lived but three days, and in a week Mrs. Luther was childless. Her darlings had been transplanted to a brighter sphere. Cholera infantum had done its work, and the bereaved parent was left with nothing to love, and no one to love her. Her former trials sunk into insignificance beside this one great affliction, which would not let her be comforted. Now, more than ever, she yearned for that sympathy which is so grateful to the chastened and subdued spirit. But ah! where should she look for it? Mr. Luther was not devoid of fatherly feeling, but his nature was so unlike hers, that he could not fathom her deep grief, or appreciate her undying love for her children. At first he was rather kinder, and at times spoke as he was wont to do, long ago. But this didn't last long; he soon became the same exacting, fault-finding person as of old. One day in his wife's life was like every other day—no change, no pleasant variation to break the weary monotony of her existence, which became so wholly absorbed in the remembrance of her bereavement, that her sinking health rapidly gave way. The brilliancy of her eyes, the hectic on either cheek, and the sharp, dry cough, betokened the presence of the pitiless foe—consumption. Yet the husband seemed entirely unaware of all this, and so was quite unprepared to hear her feebly say, one morning, "that she felt unable to rise." He looked earnestly at her a moment, then, without speaking of his purpose, called in a neighbor, and went for medical aid.

It was too late. She never left her room from that day, and in less than three months was laid beside her loved ones in Mount Auburn. In the judgment of the public, she died of hereditary consumption; in that of the neighbors, "she was worked to death," to use the precise term they employed; but, reader, she went down to the grave with a broken heart, induced by a selfish, fault-finding, unloving husband.

Mr. Luther mourned his wife very much as one regrets the loss of a good horse, or a favorite servant—he missed her services; very soon discovering that a housekeeper but poorly supplied her place. Badly cooked meat, unpalatable pastry, sloppy tea, and heavy bread, he was not accustomed to see upon his table. He scolded, but to no other purpose than to get wry looks and worse meals. Feeling suspicion that there was nothing like a wife, after all, he looked about for some one to take upon themselves the honor and responsibility incident to that station. But he was particularly unlucky; those he wanted said "No," emphatically, and those who wanted him were scarce, and not to his mind. Besides, eligible unmarried ladies said that the first Mrs. Luther seldom looked cheerful and happy, and that was a "bad sign."

But the ambitious widower did not despair. He took a journey somewhere, and returned, after a three weeks' absence, with a youngish, good-looking lady, whom he introduced as his wife. He found her in a curious way. This is the circumstance: Casually entering a court-house, where a divorce suit was pending, a female, sitting in front, attracted his attention, or, as the saying is, "took his eye." Upon inquiry he ascertained that she was the party praying for a separation from her liege lord, who seemingly cared very little for the result, for he sat near, coolly reading a newspaper, or talking carelessly with a friend.

To be brief, Mr. Luther became interested in the case, and in the woman; and upon hearing the ingenious pleadings of the counsel for the fair complainant, soon came to believe that she was a very much aggrieved individual; for, be it remembered, Mr. Luther had a great store of sympathy for other people's wives, although it has been shown that he had little for the late Mrs. Luther. The complainant gained her suit, and our gentleman soon after managed to gain an introduction, and finally gained her, which ultimately proved no great gain on either side.

The new wife turned out to be an indolent, sullen, heady sort of a woman, altogether different from her predecessor. She liked going to bed early and getting up late, insisted upon having a cook and waiting girl, and required much attention; thought of her own comfort only, was a deal above sewing on buttons and mending hose. She was willing to make just effort enough to take care of her own wardrobe, and appear on fashionable promenades on pleasant days. Mr. Luther endeavored to exert his authority, and make the new Mrs. Luther tread in the footsteps of the departed; but to no purpose. It was diamond cut diamond. She met him on his own ground, was as heartless, as selfish as he. The latter had consulted his own comfort all his life-time—she had done the same; the one meant to continue in so doing—so did the other. If he was obstinate, so was she; if he got angry, she flew into a passion. If Mr. Luther threatened, Mrs. Luther threatened also, and so things went on, matters settling down into a state of generally understood antagonism; while sullen looks (if not recriminating words) became the order. Everything went wrong in the kitchen, in his estimation. There was a shameful waste of provision, and a lack of skill and neatness in that department; but if he ventured to remonstrate, he was assailed by the united powers of cook, wife and chambermaid, who called him a meddler, an undignified pryer into affairs that belonged exclusively to women, with numerous reproachful and contemptuous epithets, which usually forced him to retreat to his own ground.

He grew thoughtful and absent-minded. The neighbors said he was thinking of his deceased wife, and the demon of remorse had gotten hold of him. He was actually seen to look at Mrs. Luther's grave and sigh. He had discovered the difference between a faithful, meek, uncomplaining companion, who gave herself soul and body a sacrifice to his selfishness, and one exactly the reverse. He began to experience the compunctions of conscience, which ought to have been felt before; and if he saw his own character in but half of its moral deformity, he was certainly an unhappy man. He lost his *brusque* and confident manner, became thin in flesh, had restless nights, and saw the pale, uncomplaining face of the first Mrs. Luther ever before him. He received no sympathy from friends—they knew the internal monitor was dealing justly with the man, and that no remorse was too acute for him who abuses the goodness and devotion of a long suffering, patient wife.

THE
FLAG OF OUR UNION.

FREDERICK GLEASON, PROPRIETOR.

MATURIN M. BALLOU, EDITOR.

☞ The terms of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION are $2 00 per annum, invariably in advance. The paper is always discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See imprint on the last page.

⁂ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to F. GLEASON, BOSTON, MASS., *proprietor of* THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, *post paid*.

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"Going into Business," a story by Mrs. M. E. ROBINSON.

"The Saracen Dwarf," a chronicle of the Middle Ages, by HORATIO ALGER, JR.

"The Fortune-Teller," a tale by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"The Exiles," a story of Siberia, by ANNE T. WILBUR.

"Lame, Blind and Halt," a humorous sketch, by the OLD 'UN.

"The Bride," verses by Mrs. R. T. ELDREDGE.

"A Day-Dream," lines by CHARLES MORRIS.

"Fadeless," poem by T. R. WALLIS.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"Change," "The Name of God," "The Dying Girl," "Lines addressed to I. R. M. S.," "The little one that Sleeps," and "To my Native Land."

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

The reported discovery of the remains of Franklin's Arctic expedition, seems to be confirmed by the despatches from Mr. Rae to Sir George Simpson, of the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Rae went out in June, 1853, on a land expedition to find some evidences of the fate of Franklin. He returned in August last to York factory, bringing certain information that the expedition lost their ships by being crushed in the ice, while making their way to Fish river, one of the tributaries of Back river, near the outlet of which the parties appear to have perished. The place designated is in about latitude 68, and longitude 95 west from Greenwich. It is nearly seven degrees of latitude south of Wellington Channel, where the last traces of Franklin were found four years ago, in the graves of several of his men, buried in 1845-46. It was through this channel that Sir John was supposed to have forced his way north into the Polar Sea. Nearly all the various expeditions fitted out, have, under this belief, explored regions too far north. The land expedition which went out in 1848 was too far west, having followed the Mackenzie river from the same Lake which the Back river starts from, running east.

Captain Austin, who investigated the region of Lancaster Sound in 1850, concluded that the missing expedition had not been to the southward and westward of Wellington Channel. Yet at this very time Franklin's party were suffering the pangs of starvation some seven degrees south of Lancaster Sound, having probably been carried down Prince Regent's Inlet past Lancaster Sound by the ice. The evidences of the destruction of Sir John and his party are said to be certain, as the natives had in their possession various articles belonging to the expedition, including silver spoons and forks, with the commander's initial upon them. Death by starvation is the fate generally predicted of the party, though it was not believed that they had perished so early.

The expedition left Sheerness, England, on the 25th of May, 1845, with a full complement of 138 men. The first expedition which went in search of it was in 1848. It was in three divisions; one westward by Behring's Straits, under Captain Kellett and Lieut. Moore, which surveyed from Point Barrow to the Mackenzie river. Another, the eastern division, under Sir John Ross, reached Leopold harbor, mouth of Prince Regent's Inlet, where it wintered. The succeeding spring it was drifted out by ice through Lancaster Sound into Baffin's Bay. The third division was a boat expedition, under Lieut. John Richardson, which followed the course of the rivers and lakes through the Hudson Bay territories, and penetrated to the mouth of Mackenzie river. Mr. John Rae, who has made the recent discovery of the remains of the expedition, was engaged for three successive years in exploring the lands and inlands north of Coppermine river, further west. Captains Collins and McClure were despatched in 1850 to Behring's Straits. McClure was frozen in near Baring's Island, and compelled to abandon his ship. Kellett, who had become attached to another expedition, reached Melville Island, having penetrated by Davis's Straits. There a travelling party from Kellet's ship discovered McClure just as he was about to abandon his vessel. It was this expedition which demonstrated that the long-sought-for northwest passage was no delusion.

In the same year (1850), an expedition sailed, of four vessels, two steamers and two sailing vessels, under Captain Austin, who investigated the region round and beyond Lancaster Sound. Two other vessels left at the same time, under Captain Penny, on the same expedition. Simultaneously with these, three other expeditions, fitted out by private enterprise, entered Lancaster Sound. One was the American expedition, sent out by Mr. Grinnell; the second a vessel under Sir John Ross; the third one, equipped by Lady Franklin, under Captain Forsyth.

The next expedition (1852), was of five vessels, fitted out under the impression that Franklin had passed through Wellington Channel. The Prince Albert was also sent to explore Prince Regent's Inlet, as half way down that inlet a large depot of provisions had been stored for Franklin, and it was supposed he might have gone down for provisions. The Albert was drifted into Barrow's Strait, but land expeditions were made south and west without accomplishing any discovery. Four other expeditions sailed in 1853; but dissensions among the officers caused one to return to England. The second, the Kane expedition, is still pursuing its investigations; the third returned to England with despatches from McClure; and the fourth, under Mr. Rae, which was despatched to make investigations on the North American coast, in the neighborhood of the Isthmus of Boothea, has there made the interesting discovery of the unfortunate fate of the long missing expedition.

THE TRANSATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The New York Commercial Advertiser has devoted a column to an exposition of the advantages to be anticipated from the construction of a transatlantic line of telegraph between the American and the Irish Coast, a distance of nearly 2000 miles, and assumes that the practicability of such a work is fully established by the opinions of Dr. Dionysius Lardner and Lieut. Maury. Such a work was deemed practicable some months since, and a company was organized in this city, of which Peter Cooper is President, to carry it into operation. They had progressed so far as to lay down a portion of the line across Prince Edward's Island and to send agents to Europe to make purchases of the sub-marine cable, when it was discovered that it was impossible to construct a battery that would serve a line of more than five or six hundred miles in length. We are not advised of what the precise difficulty was, but it was of an insurmountable character, and hence the negotiations entered into by Mr. Schafner, the agent of the company, with the respective governments for a right to lay wires from the coast of Norway, by way of the Faroe Islands and Iceland to the coast of Labrador, by which they escape the necessity of using any cable of more than five hundred miles uninterrupted length. This will greatly increase the aggregate length of the cable and the cost of constructing it, but we presume that the company will not be discouraged by the circumstance from prosecuting an enterprise the importance of which, in its consequences, cannot be exaggerated.

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into a large earthen vessel; the vessel was then moistened with soft water, and a willow tree, weighing five pounds, was placed therein. During the space of five years, the earth was carefully watered with rain-water or pure water. The willow grew and flourished; and to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, or dust blown into it by winds, it was covered with a metal plate, perforated with a great number of holes, suitable for free admission of pure air only. After growing in the earth for five years, the willow tree was removed, and found to weigh one hundred and sixty-nine pounds and about three ounces. The leaves which fell from the tree every autumn were not included in this weight. The earth was then removed from the vessel, again dried in the oven, and afterwards weighed; it was discovered to have lost only about two ounces of its original weight. Thus one hundred and sixty-four pounds of lignin or woody fibre, bark, etc., were certainly produced from the air.

STEAMERS IN FOGS.—An incident is related by the Boston Traveller, which illustrates the danger of running steamers in foggy weather, without sounding a bell or blowing a steam whistle, as having occurred lately near Boston harbor. Two steamers were making for that port through a dense fog. One of them suddenly ran into a vessel, staving in the bows and turning her completely round, when the other steamer, close at hand, struck the same vessel in the stern, with considerable damage.

A FOILED MISCREANT.—Some miscreant fired a pistol through one of the front windows of the Hon. Henry May's residence on a Sunday evening lately, in Mount Vernon Place, Baltimore. The ball, which there is reason to suppose was aimed at Mr. May, shattered a large glass lamp shade to fragments, and from thence passed to the wall. This is the second attempt at murder in this way, within a week, in that city.

CARRIED AWAY BY ENTHUSIASM.—So great was the feeling manifested on the arrival at Yonkers of Captain Luce, that it was with the greatest difficulty that the gallant captain was enabled to reach his home. Some persons even carried their enthusiasm so far, as to attempt to *cut the buttons off his coat!*

SENTENCE COMMUTED.—A United States seaman, named Hazzard, was last week convicted by a court martial, on board the North Carolina, of threatening to kill Midshipman Miller, and sentenced to the penitentiary of the District of Columbia for life. The President, however, has commuted the sentence to two and a half years.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—In Winchester, Va., Mr. John Wysong informs the citizens that he has associated with him in the mercantile business, his daughter Virginia, and that hereafter business will be conducted under the style and firm of J. Wysong & Daughter.

OVER THE FALLS.—The canal boat, which lodged in the Rapids, near the head of Goat Island, early in the season, left her summer residence lately, since which, nothing has been heard of her whereabouts, she having doubtless taken the final plunge during the night.

SINGULAR INSURANCE.—Six majestic elm trees, in front of a dwelling in Marlborough, Massachusetts, have been insured by their owners, in the sum of five hundred dollars, against loss by lightning or fire.

A MODERN CRŒSUS.—The late Richard Benyan de Beauvoir, of Englefield House, Berks, England, has left, it is said, in real and personal property, upwards of thirty-seven millions of dollars.

THE BITER BIT.—One of the city constables of Bangor, Me., made a seizure of six gallons of brine last week, mistaking the solution for a consignment of contraband liquors.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.—There is no abatement in the popularity of this elegant weekly. A decided improvement is constantly perceptible—its literary character being far in advance of that of any similar publication in the country.—*Keystone, Harrisburg, Pa.*

THE STREETS IN GOTHAM.—It costs over $1000 a day to clean the streets of New York, and they are very poorly "done" at that.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

At Lisbon the grape disease still existed, and the drought had quite dried them up, at late dates.

No man can be provident of his time, that is not prudent in the choice of his company.

Small faults indulged, are little thieves that let in greater.

The Spanish elections have generally gone in favor of the ministry.

The balance in the Sub-Treasury, in New York, on Wednesday evening, 25th, was $6,579,962.

Gaming, like a quicksand, may swallow a man up in a minute.

Counterfeit quarter eagles have been taken at the New York post-office.

L. Merle's warehouse on Water street, N. Y., was damaged $15,000 by fire and water, recently.

He whose soul does not sing, need not try to do so with his throat.

The coast of Brazil was healthy, Sept. 14—no fever of any kind prevailing.

The longest railroad on the surface of the globe, is the Illinois Central, which is 731 miles long.

It is better to stop at a high doorway, than to run against a low one.

Capt. West, of the Atlantic steamship, has travelled across the ocean 705,000 miles!

Mr. A. T. Wood, the late architect of the new Custom House, in New Orleans, died there lately.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman.

The city of St. Louis has ordered a steam fire engine to be built by Abel Shawk, of Cincinnati.

Rev. Dr. Duff, who visited the United States last winter, is ill of congestion of the brain.

Who was Richard just before he was "himself again?" We pause for a reply.

THE AFRICAN LION.

Girard, the lion hunter of the French colony in Africa, gives the following statistics of the damage done to the Arabs in the province of Constantine, by lions:—"The life of a lion may be computed to average thirty-five years. The annual destruction of horses, mules, cattle, sheep and camels, by a single animal, will amount in value to six thousand francs. Therefore, each lion costs the Arabs two hundred thousand francs. The thirty lions which are supposed to be now within the province, and which will be replaced by others from Tunis or Morocco, when exterminated, cost yearly one hundred and eighty thousand francs. In the country under the dominion of France, each Arab pays an annual tribute of five francs to the government, and fifty francs to the lions."

PARISIAN EXTRAVAGANCE.

The extravagance in linen articles in Paris is wonderful. There is the imperial handkerchief embroidered in gold and silver; to prevent this embroidery being too dead and heavy, the modistes blend with it a silky cotton, which throws a soft shade around the gold; there is also the violet handkerchief, worked all over with violets in a mother-of-pearl cotton; the mediæval handkerchief, with escutcheons and arms; the Francis the First handkerchief; the Pompadour handkerchief, an assemblage of flowers, arabesques and foliage.

TWO STAGS KILLED WHILE FIGHTING.—The Missouri Statesman of the 6th ult. says: "Recently, while Mr. Nelson Carter and young Mr. Wm. Keene, of Adrian county, were riding along the road, they encountered two large deer (bucks) engaged in a regular set-to, with their horns so locked that they could not disengage themselves, and therefore fell a prey to William Keene, who killed them both with his pocket knife."

THE BABY SHOW.—A man named Mead, who had twins—or rather whose wife had—and who was an unsuccessful competitor at the late Baby Show, at Springfield, offers to bet $200 on his babies against the field, the babies to be shown with the other animals at the National Cattle and *Calf* Show, at Springfield, on the 27th. He evidently estimates his babies by the pound, as they do calves.

ANOTHER HOAX.—The press was done *brown*, it appears, by the story that *Rev.* Antoinette Brown is married. A young lady bearing this name (without the prefix) may have been married to Mr. Merritt, as stated, but the Rev. Miss Antoinette Brown still "roves in maiden meditation, fancy free."

INNOCENCE OF YOUTH.—A little girl, who was in the car that was partially demolished by the accident on the railroad, below Burlington, lately, noticing the alarm created among the passengers, turned to her grandma, who was with her, and said, "are we killed?"

FORFEITED BONDS PAID IN.—The Washington, D. C., Star *says* that $5000, being a portion of the forfeited bonds in the Vondersmith and Ford pension cases, at Lancaster, Pa., have been paid up, and have gone into the U. S. Treasury.

HARD HIT.—"You are speaking your natural language," said a person who was lately addressing a popular convention to those who were rewarding his efforts with *hisses*, "you are speaking your natural language. Go on, I love to hear you." The disturbance ceased.

A RAPID PASSAGE.—The clipper ship Red Jacket, from Melbourne, was reported off the port of Liverpool, 14th ult., having made the voyage out and back in five months and ten days. The Red Jacket was built in Maine.

A BEGINNING.—The British schooner Queen arrived at Portland recently, in thirty-one days from Malaga, with a full cargo of fruit and oil. This was the first cargo of the kind that has ever arrived at Portland direct from Malaga.

INSURANCE ON THE ARCTIC.—The Arctic was insured in England for £60,000 sterling, and in this country for $310,000—making a total of $600,000, the valuation of the ship.

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"The Luck of a Joke," a tale by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.

"Notes of Foreign Travel," No. 22, by F. GLEASON.

"Eldorado," No. 9, by THOMAS BULFINCH.

"A Day's Lesson," a story by ALICE B. NEAL.

"Love one another," poem by JENNY MARSH.

"The Playmate's Grave," lines by GEORGE WENTZ.

"Think of me," verses by HARRIET L. CASTLE.

"To Powers's Greek Slave," a poem by M. GRIFFIN STAPLES.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

We give one of our illustrations, appropriate to the month, entitled Turkey Shooting, giving a description of the habits of the Turkey.

Portrait of Baron Rothschild, the noted banker of Europe.

A picture illustrating a scene in the novellette now publishing in the Pictorial.

Statue of Goethe, the celebrated German philosopher, at Frankfort on the Main.

View of St. George, Bermuda.

Also, a view of the Harbor of St. George, Bermuda, seen from Sugar Loaf Hill.

Ireland Island Fortification and Dockyard, Bermuda.

Representation of Sikh Guns at Windsor Castle, England, taken by the British from the Sikhs, in India.

Portrait of the late Bishop Wainwright of New York.

View of the Palace of the Emperor Nicholas, at St. Petersburg, Russia.

Representation of the Cathedral at Cologne, Prussia.

A Parlor View in a New York Dwelling-house.

Representations of that brave and warlike people, the Circassians, the constant goad and trouble of the Russians.

⁂ The PICTORIAL is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

Mr. Bentley announces a four shilling edition of Prescott's "Ferdinand and Isabella."

A fire at Memel, Russia, on the 5th ult, destroyed property to the amount of 5,000,000 thalers.

A new telescopic comet was discovered on the 12th ult., by M. Bruhns, at the observatory of Berlin.

Bank of England notes are now signed by machinery, by which a saving of ten thousand pounds a year is effected.

A letter from the late Duke of Wellington written three weeks before his death, is advertised for sale at the price of twenty guineas.

A fleet of sixteen pirate junks in the China Sea has been dispersed, and two of them captured, by a division of American, French, and Portuguese vessels.

Prussia and Austria have definitely declined taking any part in the Great Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations, to be held next year at Paris. Ominous, certainly.

Nearly the whole of the seamen who engaged for special service in the Baltic fleet, with the right to claim their discharge at the end of the present year, have volunteered for continuous service.

The visitors to the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, for the week ending with September 23, numbered upwards of thirty-two thousand, and the receipts for admission amounted to fourteen hundred pounds sterling.

A Quaker, and a member of the Peace Society, has been fined and served with a distress warrant, in London, for declining on principle to supply a horse and wagon to convey a portion of the baggage of the Scotch Fusileers.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

A beautiful woman, if poor, should use a double circumspection; for her beauty will tempt *others*, her poverty *herself*.

During the hours of regret we recall the image of departed joys, and in weeping over tender remembrances, tears, softly shed, embalm the wounds of grief.

Words indeed are but the signs and *counters* of knowledge, and their currency should be strictly regulated by the *capital* which they represent.

Great minds had rather deserve *cotemporaneous* applause, without obtaining it, than obtain without deserving it; if it follow them it is well, but they will not deviate to follow it.

Power, like the diamond, dazzles the beholder, and also the wearer; it dignifies meanness; it magnifies littleness; to what is contemptible it gives authority; to what is low, exaltation.

Modern reformers are not fully aware of the difficulty they will find to make converts, when that period which we so fondly anticipate shall arrive; an era of universal illumination.

The drafts which true genius draws upon posterity, although they may not always be honored so soon as they are due, are sure to be paid with compound interest in the end.

As there are none so weak that we may venture to injure them with impunity, so there are none so *low* that they may not at some time be able to repay an obligation.

Those who value themselves merely on their ancestry, have been compared to potatoes, '*all that is good of them is under ground*; perhaps it is but fair that nobility should have *descended to them*, since they never could have *raised themselves to it*.

Joker's Budget.

"This augers well," as the mosquito said when he settled on a fat man's nose.

"Wood is the thing after all," as the man with the oak leg said when the mad-dog bit it.

Why is a married man like a candle? Because, he sometimes goes out at night when he oughtn't to.

"O, father, give me ten cents—I want to see the grisly bear—he weighs 4000 tons, and I can see the whole of him for ten cents!"

Among the improvements to be adopted in the costume of the British soldier, helmets are to have a spike on the top of them. *Punch* thinks this is putting too fine a point on.

A physician who had tried in vain to cure a deaf patient, at last endeavored to console him with the remark, "that there was nothing worth hearing."

An individual by the name of Foulhouse, lately petitioned the Legislature of his State to have his name changed. He wanted to have it "Chicken-coop."

At a ball given the other evening, the following note was posted upon the door-post: "Tickets fifty cents. No gentleman admitted unless he cums himself."

"Distance lends enchantment to the view," as an escaped convict said, when he stood on the Jersey shore and contemplated the distant beauties of Sing Sing.

A witness named Washam was called to the stand to give his testimony. Having taken his place he turned to the bar, before testifying, and earnestly inquired "Which side am I on?"

If you wish to please people, just sugar and oil their weaknesses. If there is one thing more than another that folks like clear through the marrow, it is a clear saccharine plaster over their short-comings.

Quill and Scissors.

A fire took place in Bridgeport, Conn., on Monday week, originating in a chamber stove. The first notice that the occupants of the house had of the mischief, was the falling of the coals from above upon a bed on which a woman and two children were sleeping. The bed was set on fire, and the children burnt so that they have since died.

John Twombly, of township No. 3, Penobscot county, Me., committed suicide by cutting his throat on the 18th ult. He was the owner of a good farm, free from debt, and a member of the Baptist church. He had been laboring for a week or two under mental depression.

The bark Estelle sailed from New York, Oct. 25th, for Liberia, with about thirty emigrants and seven missionaries. Rev. J. R. Pinney, editor of the Colonization Journal, and Secretary of the New York Colonization Society, also went out in the Estelle.

The Lake Superior Journal says: "Eight years ago, the first steamboat was put on Lake Superior, at which time we had but one small steamboat plying between the Sault and Mackanaw; now we have eight steamers here in one day."

In Litchfield poor house, Conn., a girl named Jeanette Barney was choked to death while in a nervous fit, by her room-mate, a woman named Betsey Wadhams, who gave as a reason that she wished to end the girl's misery.

The Barnstable Patriot receives accounts from various portions of the district, that the cod fishing business has been quite generally successful during the present year, and will prove more than an average season.

The American clipper ship Romance of the Seas, Dumaresq, of Boston, from Canton, is the longest ship that has ever entered the London dock. She has just discharged a cargo of teas at the western quay.

A conductor of a freight train on the Columbia, (Pa.) railroad, has been arrested for pushing a young man named Edward Huntsman from the cars, he being injured thereby so as to cause his death.

Speaking of iron, a Virginia paper says there is ore enough in Montgomery county, in that State, to build a railroad with a double track of heavy T rail, 210 tons to the mile, from Washington city to San Francisco.

A gentleman named Reynolds, who last week had his watch stolen from him, advertised in the New York papers that the person who took his watch "could have the key" by calling at his residence.

Mr. Genin has declined the nomination for the office of Mayor, tendered him at a public meeting of citizens not long since. Everybody seems to be in favor of him—except a few *hatters*.

Tuesday night, the jewelry store of Samuel Zepp, in Philadelphia, was robbed to the amount of six thousand dollars, the entire stock in the store being carried off by the robbers.

Under the direction of the Department, Lieut. Maxwell Woodhull, U. S. N., is ordered to make sundry experiments, to ascertain the set of the currents on the Long Island coast.

Samuel Drake, the pioneer of the drama in the west, and grandfather of Julia Dean, the actress, died in Kentucky on the 17th ult., at the age of 86 years.

The sound of the saws in the mills on the Kenduskeag stream, now makes gentle music for the manufacturers of lumber. The supply of water is rather limited.

Charles Carroll, of Carrolton, a Catholic signer of the Declaration of Independence, is said to have contributed $1,000,000 to the American cause.

The sales of public lands this year will exceed 6,000,000 acres—a larger quantity than has been sold in any one year for fifteen or eighteen years.

One million five hundred thousand of dollars of the state debt of Ohio has been paid off since the first of last January.

There will soon be completed at St. Anthony's Falls, a wire suspension bridge across the Mississippi.

The loss of cotton by the late storms in Texas is estimated at 30,000 to 50,000 bales.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. George H. Hayden to Miss Ellen J. Gleason.

By Rev. Mr. Bannister, Mr. Wm. Campbell to Miss Isabella E. Boyd.

By Rev. L. B. Schwarz, Mr. Adam Vert to Kunigunde Bolhm.

By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. James D. Sanborn to Miss Elizabeth A. Wetherell.

By Rev. Mr. Wickley, Mr. Obed Fish to Miss Dorothy M. Nelson.

By Rev. Mr. Burlingham, Mr. Andrew J. B. Norcross to Miss Harriet N. Snow.

By Rev. Mr. Smithett, Mr. James H. Owens to Miss Eliza M. Albert.

By Rev. Mr. Stows, Mr. Absalom Hewes to Mrs. Mary Lawless.

By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Charles A. Johnson to Miss Susan McGee.

By Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Vernon H. Brown to Miss Celenda Carleton.

By Rev. A. L. Stone, Mr. Hiram Matthews to Miss Lucinda Hanson.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Dr. Caldicott, Mr. Andrew J. Holbrook to Miss Susan S. Walker.

At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Laurie, Mr. William J. Ilenborn to Miss H. Augusta Hay.

At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Stearns, Mr. Jesse Osborn to Miss Henrietta F. Hayden.

At Sutton, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. J. R. Lawton to Miss Clara R. Dodge.

At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Merrit Cook to Miss Maria Goldthwait; Mr. Austin J. Wilkins to Miss Maria D. Buxton.

At Newburyport, by Rev. D. P. Pike, Mr. James G. Martin to Miss Susan M. Brown.

At Granby, Ct., by Rev. Mr. Page, Mr. Moses H. Leonard to Miss Harriet B. Dibble.

At Minersville, Pa., by Rev. Mr. Kast, Mr. George H. Helfrich to Miss Margaret Slanterbeck.

At Odensburgh, N. Y., by Rev. Mr. Stearns, Mr. Henry S. Hepburn to Miss Abbie Sanger, of Sherborn, Mass.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Annie E. B. Coindreau, 34; Mrs. Mary J. Calder, 20; Mrs. Sarah Emmons, 82; Mr. Charles Munzig, 45; Mrs. Lydia H. Drew, 37; Miss Margaret Murray, 27; Mrs. Sarah A. Gore; Miss Augusta Owen, 31.

At Charlestown, Mr. John Sullivan, 43.

At Cambridge, Mr. Wm. T., son of Dr. Thaddeus W. Harris, 28.

At Medford, Mrs. Martha B., wife of Mr. John P. Clisby, 65.

At Brookline, Mrs. Mary M., wife of Mr. John Moore, of Newburyport, 33.

At Newburyport, Mr. Daniel G. Bond, 26.

At Plymouth, Mr. Ellis Holmes, 88.

At Lancaster, Mr. Stephen Dana, 52.

At Leicester, Miss Anna Henshaw, 77.

At Andover, Widow Dorcas Jones, 85.

At Worcester, Mrs. Lavina Teel of Medford, 85.

At Templeton, Mrs. Lydia R., wife of Col. Leonard Stone, 65.

At Exeter, N. H., Mr. Reuben Leavitt, 92.

At Spencer, Mr. Sylvester Eldridge, son of Silas Eldridge, Esq., 19.

At New Haven, Ct., John Scarritt, Esq., 87.

At Danbury, Ct., Mr. Jerusha Wildman, 89.

At Manchester, Capt. John Frew, 84.

At Alexandria, N. H., Mrs. Fanny H. Verrell, of Boston, 28.

At New Castle, N. H., Mrs. Esther S., wife of Mr. Henry Lengel, 17.

At Union, Me., Mr. Jesse Robbins, 95.

At Barre, Vt., Mrs. Emily Morse, 32.

At Derby, Vt., Orren Newcomb, Esq., 51.

At Greenville, Ct., Rev. Niles Whiting, 45.

At Lexington, Ky., Mrs. Abigail Trufant, 65.

Near New Orleans, Mr. Samuel T. Herbert, son of Capt. Samuel Herbert, 25.

At sea, on board ship R. L. Gilchrist, on the passage from Havre for New York, Mr. A. Brandt, of Boston, carpenter. Twelve others died on the passage.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ON WITNESSING A MARRIAGE.

BY J. HUNT, JR.

"Once two bright clouds," so Brainard said,
"Which lay each side the rising sun,
Were moved by impulse o'er his head,
And meeting, mingled into one."

An emblem of the marriage tie,
Is amply shadowed in this tale;
As clouds to clouds the sexes fly,
Like clouds, at length, must they exhale.

Until the damp of death shall blight
The forms of that united pair,
May smiles of love prove their delight,
And cheer life's shaded vale of care.

May, too, each hour seem months of ease,
And every month the joy of years;
May no wild passion's chilling breeze
Cause them to mourn the change in tears.

But, may their vows be such as give
To human hearts the calm of bliss;
And point with shame, to those who live
Unmated in a world like this.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE BIGOT'S REBUKE:

—OR,—

THE RIVAL CLERKS.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Mr. David Massinger was quite a wealthy merchant in a large and thriving inland town. He was a man just turned upon the last half century of his life, and among those who knew him best, he had the reputation of being a very honest man in trade, but at the same time very close and exacting. Those who did not know him so well, were wont to say that he was not always honest. But David Massinger *was* honest, as the world goes; that is, he would never do an act of which the law could take cognizance. Beyond this, the least said about the merchant's honesty the better, for there were many people that had traded with him, who had sincerely believed that they had made the poorest end of the bargain, and some of them even asserted that David Massinger had used very unfair means in the transactions. And these men who had said this, were men of veracity—men whose words were "as good as sworn bonds" at any time—a circumstance which was very unfortunate for the merchant, seeing that he wished to retain the good opinion of all the citizens. But then Mr. Massinger was a church-member—a regular communicant, and a professor; and no man in the town made more show of his religion, or made louder and longer prayers. Every one knew how much religion he professed, for he made the matter very public.

Mr. Massinger employed two clerks in his store, and they were both of them about the same age. John Lowdon had been with the merchant the longest, having been a member of the family nearly ten years. He was a young man, now some three-and-twenty years of age, and he professed the same religion as did his master. In fact he belonged to the same church, and partook at the same communion table. He had taken great pains to copy after his employer, and thus he had been enabled to hide the real points of his character. If he had originally any bad traits, they might have possibly been eradicated under proper treatment, but in attempting to follow after the example of David Massinger, he had learned only to *conceal* and *assume;* so he talked as much religion as did his master, and could pray almost as fluent and as long.

The other clerk was one Henry Hooper, the child of a worthy mother, and whose father had been dead many years. He was a very intelligent, active, enterprising young man, and Mr. Massinger kept him in his employ, at a fair salary, because people loved to trade with him, and because he was really a very trustworthy and faithful young man. Yet the merchant had never been able to see that young Hooper had any religion. He did see that the young clerk was kind, steady, industrious, and strictly moral, and every body seemed to love him, but he had not been able to detect any signs of what he thought to be religion.

David Massinger also had a daughter,—a bright-eyed, laughter-loving, joyous girl of nineteen. Her soul was big with all that is kind and good, and her heart was made for peace and love and good will. She was often in the store, and she often saw Henry Hooper both at the store and at her father's house. She often spoke with him. The first time she spoke with him alone, she trembled, and her eyes instinctively fell to the floor. The next time she met him in social converse, the color of her cheek was brightened, and her lips trembled while she spoke. After this, Adelia Massinger became acquainted with Henry's widowed mother, and she used to go there to her house to visit her, and often she would meet the son there.

Two such hearts could not long commune together without mingling into one. Those hearts did fall into the crucible of love, and they were melted together. The seal of affection was set; and the word was spoken. They not only loved but each to the other had confessed the love,and happiness came to bless them.

"Adelia," said the stern father, as he sat alone with his daughter one evening, "I have a question to ask you, and I wish that you should answer it truly. Do you not love Henry Hooper?"

The maiden was startled at first, not alone by the question, but mostly by the manner in which it was asked. But she answered distinctly in the affirmative.

"Has he ever spoken to you about his love?" continued the father, with a cloud upon his brow.

"Yes, father, he has."

"And what was your answer?"

"That I loved him in return, and most truly," unhesitatingly replied the noble girl.

The old man bent down his head, and laid his hands firmly upon his knees.

"Adelia," he at length said, "you have done very wrong. I do not think that Henry Hooper can make you a proper husband—— Stop—you need not speak. I know what you would say. I had hoped that your choice would have fallen upon John Lowdon."

The fair girl shuddered as though she had seen a snake when she heard this, and without fear, she replied:

"Is it possible that you have allowed yourself to think that I could love John Lowdon?"

"And may I presume to ask why you should not love him?"

"Simply because there is nothing about him that is worthy of my love."

"What!" echoed the parent, in astonishment. "Nothing about him worthy of your love? Is he not one of the most active members of our church? and does he not maintain a religious character among all who know him?"

"That may all be, but where is his religion? Ah, father, I fear it is an outside show. In his heart he has none of it at all. He wears his profession about him as a cloak; and it serves to hide from the world a soul that is lone and loveless."

"Girl!"

"I speak the truth, father. Only last week a poor starving woman begged of John Lowdon a few pennies with which to buy bread. He knew that woman well. It was the miserable widow whose sick husband died a month since near the pond, and has since been sick herself. She begged of John Lowdon the means of sustaining life, and he repulsed her with a sneer. Was that the part of a Christian? But the woman found succor. Her next supplication was to Henry Hooper. He gave her his arm for support, and conducted her to his own house, and there he fed and clothed her, and there she yet remains. O, God shall judge the heart, and his infinite eye shall see the hollowness of such professors. How shall they feel when they hear Christ Jesus say, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of one of these, have ye done it unto me?'"

"Adelia, go to your room. I will speak again on this subject."

The maiden left the room, and the merchant was left alone. He had also repulsed the poor woman of whom his child had spoken. To him she had applied for succor, and he had turned her empty away. He knew that she was worthy and suffering, and yet out of his bounty had he refused even the two mites that the poor widow gave. He could not but reflect upon the circumstance, and the more he reflected, the more uncomfortable he became, so he stopped thinking and took up his evening's newspaper, and commenced reading the report of the stock-market.

On the next morning Mr. Massinger called Henry Hooper into his counting-room.

"Henry," he said, with a very solemn look and tone, "I wish to ask you a few very important questions. In the first place I wish to know what is the state of your mind upon the subject of religion."

The young man looked first surprised, and then pained, and a very close observer could have discovered a curl of just contempt about the corners of his mouth and upon his lips.

"Mr. Massinger," said Henry, somewhat proudly, but yet sincerely and respectfully, "my religion is not a thing to be talked about. It lies between myself and my God. If you have not *seen* it, then I can tell you nothing of it."

The merchant was considerably perplexed by this answer. It was a sort of new idea to him.

"Do you attend church, regularly?" he at length asked.

"Of course I do," Henry replied.

"And why?"

"Because I love to. Because I enjoy the religious exercises."

"What meeting do you attend, principally?"

"Always at Mr. B.'s."

"What! Do you believe in that doctrine?"

"I do."

"And do you consider yourself safe in such a course?"

"Safe from what?"

"The wrath of God."

"That, sir, is a subject upon which I never think. I simply obey God's laws as I understand them; I take Christ for my guide, and the nearer I can approach to the standard of life which my Saviour lived, the more joyous and happy I feel. I can only hope to love my God and my Saviour, to love my fellow-men, and to do unto others as I would that others should do unto me. The rest I leave with my God, sincerely trusting that he will not forsake me in my infirmity."

"Henry Hooper," resumed the merchant, after some moments of conflicting thought, "you have made an avowal of love to my daughter."

"Yes, sir, I have," the youth returned, with considerable emotion.

"Then let me tell you what I will do. The girl loves you, and I would not see her unhappy. Join my church and attend meeting with me, and she shall be yours. "You may think of this, and give me an answer at your leisure."

"I shall need no time, sir, to entertain such a proposition," quickly answered Henry, with a flushed cheek, and a burning eye. "I cannot listen to such a thought for a moment."

"Then you refuse?"

"Yes, sir. I do refuse to sell my soul for any barter. My religion, sir, is my highest source of earthly joy, and if ever I take to my bosom a wife, the presence and operation of that religion shall be the very anchor of my domestic joy. No sir. Were I to sell my religion for a wife, then I should have no soul worth a wife's possessing."

"Very well," uttered the merchant, with an ineffectual attempt to appear calm. "You have given me your answer, and now you shall have mine. Adelia Massinger shall not be your wife. Remember that, and govern yourself accordingly. That will do, sir. You can go about your work."

Henry left the counting-room with a bowed head and a trembling lip. But he remembered Adelia's love, and he remembered, too, how nearly the religion of her soul agreed with his own. She was of age, and free to do her own will, and in his soul he knew that even her father had no earthly right to blight and crush her hopes and joys forever.

"Adelia, Henry Hooper can never be your husband."

The maiden looked up into her father's face, and an ashy pallor overspread her features. But the color soon came again, and in a trembling tone she asked:

"Why not, father?"

"No matter why. It is my will."

"But I have a right to know the reason for your decision."

"I have reason enough. A child of mine shall not marry with an Infidel!"

"An Infidel? What do you mean?" exclaimed the girl, perfectly astounded. "Henry Hooper is not an Infidel."

"He is just the same to me. He has no fear of God's power at all."

"Perhaps you misunderstand him," returned Adelia, feeling strong in the work of defending her lover. "He does not stand in any dread of God, and why should he? He does what he believes to be right. He obeys God's laws, and he finds them pleasant and easy. He *loves* his God instead of *dreading* him."

"Girl, beware! Look out that you do not break my heart by losing your own soul upon the same subtle quicksand of infidelity."

"I will answer for my soul, and as far as your heart is concerned—if you can thus calmly consign me to lasting misery, I do not think it will easily break. I love Henry with my whole soul."

"But he shall not be your husband, nevertheless. I am determined—"

"Stop," interrupted the fair girl, with a quick, decided manner. "Do not say too much, for I shall choose peace rather than misery, and if I cannot find it beneath your roof, I shall—"

She hesitated in her speech, for she remembered that she was speaking to her parent. She had been urged on by her warm love and impulsive instinct to resist wrong; but she would not willingly say too much to her father.

"Go on," said the merchant, with a look and tone of contempt.

"No, father, I will say no more. But I hope you will not blast my every hope of happiness here on earth."

As she spoke this, she bowed her head and burst into tears. Her parent chose to say no more at that time, and the subject was dropped.

Adelia knew that it was the settled plan of her father that she should marry with John Lowdon, but she had made up her mind that she would never do such a thing. Further than this she wanted time to reflect.

One morning about a week subsequent to the interviews just recorded, Mr. Massinger discovered that he had been robbed of five hundred dollars. He hastened to his ledger and found that all was right there, but yet the money was gone from the safe. He called John Lowdon one side, and told him of the circumstance. The confidential clerk was astounded, or, at least, he pretended to be, and he wondered how such a sum could have been taken without detection, as the safe was beneath the desk in the counting-room, and always kept locked save when something was to be taken out or returned by those who had legal access to it.

"But it may have been taken by some one who *has* legal access to it," suggested the merchant.

Lowdon gazed down upon the floor for a moment, and then he said, while a peculiar expression appeared in his eye:

"So do I think it was. You must not think hard of me, sir, if I speak my mind freely."

"Of course not. Go on," said Mr. Massinger, his countenance brightening, as he spoke.

"Not now," resumed the clerk, after he had apparently reflected for a moment. "I will not speak my suspicions at present, but we will wait. I may gain some further light."

"But have you grounds for any suspicions?"

"O yes, the best of grounds."

"Then let me have them."

"Not now. I would rather wait."

"But it is my command that you speak now."

"Then I cannot refuse, sir, though it will pain me to speak what I fear is the truth. Ah, my good master, I would rather hush this matter up—only justice demands that the truth should be known. I fear that Henry Hooper is the guilty person."

"Just my mind,exactly," uttered the merchant, with a sort of exultant look. "But now what grounds have you?"

"I have seen Henry have large sums of money lately."

"But this must have been all taken within a very few days."

"Yes, but listen. Night before last I saw Henry enter the drinking and gambling saloon at the lower end of this street, and I was told by one in whose veracity I have the fullest confidence that he was up in the secret chamber at the gaming table!"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the merchant, in pure astonishment; for with all his fears respecting the young man, he was not prepared for this.

"It is not only possible, sir, but it is true. I know Henry was at the gaming-table night before last, and he was there very late, too. And I can tell you more. He was seen staggering through the streets with a drunken companion."

"This you are sure is true, John?"

"I can prove it, sir. Though I should trust that my word would be sufficient. I had meant never to have revealed this, and I should not have done so but for present circumstances."

"Of course I do not doubt you, John. Only the news was so astounding. But I might have expected it. Keep this to yourself for the present. We will watch him and see that he does not spend the money."

"If he has not already gambled it away," suggested Lowdon.

"I will go at once and see the keeper of this saloon," said Massinger, with a groan; for the idea of losing his money came more heavily upon him than did the thought of Henry's sin.

"O that would be of no use," quickly returned Lowdon,—"no use in the world, for those gamblers are under the most solemn oaths to keep each other's secrets. You could gain nothing from them, but they would rather deny the whole."

"Very well," resumed the merchant, after a thoughtful pause. "Then let us watch him narrowly, and something may turn up to convict him. Keep your eye upon him, and mark all his movements; and watch him too as he goes to dinner; and this afternoon we will send an officer to search his trunks at his dwelling."

At that moment there was a quick movement just outside the door of the counting-room. Mr. Massinger heard it, and he opened the door and looked out. His daughter stood at some distance looking at some silks which lay upon the counter.

"Adelia, where have you been?" he sternly asked.

"Down to Mrs. Russell's to see about my new dress, and I want some more trimming for it," she replied.

"Have you heard what we have been talking about?"

"Who?"

"John and myself."

"I have just come here, sir."

"Very well—wait a moment, and I will get what you want."

Adelia *had* just come *there*, but still she deceived her father, for she had in reality heard nearly all that they had said.

Mr. Massinger and John went about their business as though nothing had happened, save that they both watched the movements of Henry Hooper with more than common interest—the former regarding him eagerly and suspiciously, while the latter looked at him askance, and seemed nervous and uneasy. Once or twice Henry noticed the look of his employer, but he gave it to another cause. He noticed also the furtive glances of Lowdon, and these, he thought, were the result of jealousy. He little dreamed of the plot that was being hatched up against him.

At an early hour that evening, Mr. Massinger went to the house of a justice to have a warrant issued for the apprehension of Henry Hooper, but the justice was not at home, and he called on the constable, whom he found readily. The constable promised that he would see the whole business attended to that night, and with this assurance the merchant went home. He at first intended to speak to his daughter on the subject of Hooper's crime, but after some reflection, he concluded to wait until the business was all settled.

The evening was pretty well advanced. Mr. Massinger was sitting at his table trying to read, Adelia was upon the sofa pretending to be working a bead purse, but a mere casual observer could have seen that she took no stitches,—her hand trembled too much for that. John Lowdon sat opposite to his employer, and was looking at the pictures in a new book.

Just as the clock struck nine, the door-bell rang, and Adelia started to answer the call. She hastened to the door, and when she returned she was followed by two men.

"Ah, Mr. Sanderson," uttered the merchant, starting to his feet, "you have done the business, then?"

"You see I have brought the youth of whom you spoke," returned Mr. Sanderson, who was the constable upon whom Massinger had called.

"Yes, Mr. Massinger," added Henry Hooper, stepping quickly forward, his face flushed, and his eyes sparkling, "I have come. I have just learned, sir, what a crime you have tried to fasten upon me. O God, forgive you for the injustice. I did not dream that you would thus try to ruin me."

"I would not ruin you, Henry," replied Massinger, considerably moved by the touching tone and manner of the youth. "If there is any ruin, it is you who have ruined yourself. I have been robbed of five hundred dollars, and there are circumstances connected with your recent course which are very suspicious, to say the least. I do really hope you may make them all appear right."

Now Mr. Massinger had some power of reading character from the human countenance, and he could not but own to himself that Henry's face was by no means an index to anything bad. His sympathy, too, had become most strangely moved in the young man's favor within the last two minutes. The very first glance of Henry's eyes, overflowing as they were with imploring and forgiveness, sent a thrill to his soul, and on the instant the hope came to him that the guilt might not rest where he had feared.

"Stop a moment," said the constable. "Miss Massinger knows the most about this affair, and to save time and words, I hope she will explain it as she understands it."

"What! Adelia? You know about this?" uttered the merchant.

"Yes, father," said the maiden, trembling.

"But what? How?"

"I will tell you," replied the girl, gaining confidence. "I did hear all that was said in the counting-room this morning, and I understood it all then, but I could not explain at that time. Mr. Lowdon told you that Henry Hooper had had considerable money lately. So he has, sir. You pay him a good salary, and he wastes none of it. He also told you that Henry was in the gaming saloon, at the gaming table, and that late at night he was seen staggering home with a drunken companion."

"I did say so," stammered John Lowdon, who had turned very pale, "and I can prove it all, too."

Upon the face of Henry Hooper there was a look of pity and contempt. He would have spoken, but Adelia interrupted him.

"Ay," she continued, shaking her small white finger at John Lowdon, "you can prove it; but that is not all you can prove. You can prove that he went there to get away one of his poor schoolmates from that sink of iniquity. A poor youth, the only child of a widowed mother—had fallen into the path of evil, and Henry would save him. For that purpose he went to the gaming house. He found that the misguided man had gone to the hazard table, and thither he went after him, and after much persuasion he drew him away. The poor fellow was much intoxicated, but yet Henry took him by the arm and led him home. All this I knew on the very next morning after it happened, and I had it from the lips of the widowed mother of the sinful youth. And *you* knew it, too. O, John Lowdon, where do you expect forgiveness for such heartless sins?"

"I did not know all you have spoken," said Lowdon, trembling more and more.

"You knew enough, at all events, to know that you were speaking the basest falsehood. You knew why Henry went to the gaming house, for Lyman Butler told you."

The false, base clerk would have stammered out some reply, but before he could do so, Mr. Massinger spoke to his suspected clerk.

"Henry," he said, "I am going to ask you a question, and I shall now believe you will answer me truly. Do not be offended. Did you take any of the money which I have lost?"

"Mr. Massinger, I did not," was the young man's simple, honest reply.

"Have you any idea of where it went to?"

"That is a question I would rather be excused from answering, now," replied Henry, promptly, but yet modestly.

"Very well—but you will answer at some time?"

"I will."

"Then, Mr. Sanderson," resumed the merchant, turning towards the officer, "I withdraw my complaint, and you may at once set Mr. Hooper at liberty."

"O, sir," returned the constable with a smile, "he is perfectly free now. I have had no writ yet for him."

"Then how comes this?" asked Massinger, in surprise.

"I came here for another purpose," said Sanderson. "Your money, sir, is safe."

"*Safe?*" uttered the merchant, springing to his feet.

"*Safe!*" gasped John Lowdon, turning deadly pale, and sinking back into his chair.

"Yes, and even here, your own daughter can make an explanation.

Massinger sat down again, and gazed inquiringly upon Adelia, and after some hesitation, she said:

"Yes, father. I have helped to find your money, and I will tell you how."

At this moment, John Lowdon arose from his chair and approached the door.

"Stop, stop, my young friend," said the officer, moving quickly towards him.

"But I am not well. I will return in a few moments," whispered the trembling man.

"O, stop and hear Miss Massinger's story, and then, perhaps, you can have company. Sit down again, sir."

Lowdon sat down, and Adelia continued:

"A few evenings since I was in at the house of Mrs. Justin, who, you know, was married only a few months since. She told me that her husband was going to make a venture—he was going to send out part of a cargo of goods to California; and she also told me that John Lowdon was going in with him. After this she remembered that her husband had told her not to speak of Lowdon's connexion with him in the business, as Lowdon was very anxious that the matter should be kept secret. I promised her that I would say nothing about it, unless there should be something wrong in it. I knew that John had no money to place in such a venture, and when I learned that you had lost five hundred dollars, I at once suspected the truth. When I found that you talked of having Henry's house searched, I went at once to Mr. Sanderson, and told him the whole story. He can tell you the rest."

"Yes sir, and in a very few words," said the constable, as he saw that Mr. Massinger had looked towards him. "I went at once to Mr. Justin and told him the story, and also that Lowdon was trying to fasten the crime upon Henry Hooper. He then confessed to me that John Lowdon gave him five hundred dollars last night, and he handed me the money just as he received it. You can examine it, sir, and see if you recognize any of it."

As Sanderson spoke, he drew a roll of bills from his pocket and handed them to the merchant. The latter examined them all, and then, with a painful expression of countenance, he said:

"These are mine—every one of them—the very ones I lost."

"Then you know the thief."

But the old merchant made no reply. He only looked at John Lowdon, and then he bowed his head. It was not pure grief that moved him. He was pained and mortified, and in his own soul he felt humbled. When he did speak, it was to his other clerk:

"Henry," he said, extending his hand, "forgive me for the injustice I have done you. We will speak of this again."

"Now," said Sanderson, arising and putting on his hat, and turning towards Lowdon, "you may go out."

"O save me, save me!" gasped the base coward, cringing from the officer and trembling like an aspen.

"You must go with me now," resumed the officer, "for I have a warrant, and I must serve it. There is no use of begging, for it wont do any good. Come."

So John Lowdon was led from the room, and after he was gone, Adelia fell upon her father's neck and wept, for the excitement had been too much for her.

That night Mr. Massinger had plenty to think of, and long after he had gone to his bed did he lie awake and ponder upon what had passed. He began to see the mere profession of religion in a new light, for the facts of every-day life which had so long escaped his notice were now brought directly home to him, and were forced upon his consideration. Perhaps he reflected some upon the state of his own heart, and if he did, he must have found some things that did not speak very well for his religious incentives.

On the next morning Henry came to the store as usual, but he did not prepare for work. When Mr. Massinger came, the young man followed him into the counting-room, and having closed the door he said:

"I have come this morning, Mr. Massinger, to ask for some settlement of the relation which has existed between us that shall be mutually satisfactory. It must be evident to you, as it is to me, that we had better separate for the future. My habits do not suit you, and while I accept of a situation which has been often tendered to me, you can find some one of your own church who will suit you better, and who will—"

"Stop, stop, Henry," interrupted the merchant, with much emotion. "You must not leave me. Let the past be forgotten, and for the future you shall find no cause for complaint. I have been wrong—I freely admit it, for I have been brought to see it. I will own that I have been bigoted, but my bigotry has received a most severe rebuke. I have spoken to you of religious matters, and harshly, too, but I shall trouble you no more. I have thought much upon this subject during the last week, and I feel that creeds and dogmas do not make religion, any more than does church-membership and profession. I cannot do without you, Henry. Name the salary I must pay you, and you shall have it—only stop with me."

Henry looked down upon the floor and was silent. He was deeply affected, for his employer had spoken feelingly and affectionately, and in a tone that warranted his sincerity.

"Say that you will stay with me," resumed the merchant, laying his hand upon the youth's shoulder. "If you refuse me I shall have no other recourse but to send Adelia to plead with you. She might accomplish what I could not."

The young man started and raised his head. He could not mistake the meaning of those words. The tone and manner in which they were spoken told plainly what they meant.

"Will you stay and be my right hand man and bosom friend?"

"Yes—yes."

* * * *

Henry Hooper did stay with Mr. Massinger, and in a few short months afterwards he led Adelia to the altar. He was happy, but he was not much happier than was the father of the blushing, joyous bride. He had now thrown off the last link of the chain that had bound his mind to bigotry and prejudice, and he had found that he was a better and happier man. He had learned that the religion which is of God is that which can be *lived* and *worked*, and which men show in their every-day life and acts instead of in their Sunday prayers and loud professions.

John Lowdon was not tried for the offence that he had committed. He acknowledged the crime, and so hard did he beg to be let off from the disgrace of trial and imprisonment, that Mr. Massinger withdrew the complaint, and the evil-disposed youth left the place and shipped on board an Indiaman.

The widow's son, he whom Henry led from the gaming house—went back no more to his infamy, but following the advice and example of his noble preserver and friend, he sought honorable employment, and soon became the support and joyful pride of his aged mother.

THE THEORY OF CHANCES.

It is singular how even chance, as well as everything else, is subject to the fixed, unchangeable laws of nature. Thus the average number of births or deaths in a State or city, is nearly the same, one year with another. The number of great men who die in a given term of years, usually corresponds closely with the number of those who died in the previous corresponding term of years. The comparative number of houses burned, or of ships lost each year, in ordinary cases, can be so nearly calculated, that insurance companies are able to estimate with wonderful accuracy the chances of gain or loss, and to place their policies at such a rate as almost invariably to insure a handsome profit to the company. A few figures in relation to the receipts of the dead letter office in Washington afford an apt illustration of the irrevocableness of the laws of chance. In the first quarter of 1852, the number of dead letters containing money, which were opened, was 1701; the amount of their contents being $10,238. The number of letters was at that period on the increase, and increased so gradually that by knowing the number for one quarter, a person familiar with the subject could estimate very approximately the number which would be received and opened in the next quarter. In the second quarter of the year, there were opened 1736 moneyed letters, containing $11,176; in the third quarter there were 1781 letters, with $10,869; and the fourth quarter showed a total of 1842 letters, containing $11,713. In the first quarter of the present year, the amount taken from the dead letters, in Washington, reached the sum of $14,401. In the second quarter there was procured in this manner $14,325—showing a slight diminution; and in the third quarter $14,088; a still further decrease.—*Boston Journal.*

THE IRISHMAN'S BARN.

An Irish farmer once had a dispute with his landlord about a barn, and he could not come to a settlement with him, so he resolved to have a lawyer's advice; accordingly he proceeded to the office of one of the limbs of the law, and stated his case. After pocketing his fee, the lawyer told him that in the eye of the law his barn was forfeited, but if his landlord was not an austere man, to offer him an equivalent, and get two arbitrators and an umpire to put the matter in train of conclusion.

"Thank you vastly," said the farmer, and hurrying home to his neighbors, called them together and informed them that he had seen the learned man, who told him, that, "in the eye of the law his barn was mortified, but if his landlord was not an oysterman to offer him an elephant, and get two carts of potatoes and a trumpeter to set the matter in a train of confusion.—*Berkshire Eagle.*

The green book of nature is fragrant with innumerable odors, and jubilant with myriad melodies. Every leaf of it is impressed with the power and beneficence of God. To the discerning, it has perpetual lessons of health, wisdom, love, beauty and inspiration. Study it, whoever thou art, whose lot is cast where its verdure and blossom unfold under the breath of summer.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BEAUTY'S LIKE A TENDER FLOWER.

BY J. ALFORD.

Beauty's like a tender flower,
  That doth quickly fade and die;
Drooping in that very hour
  That 'tis plucked to please the eye!
Time will this sad truth disclose,
In the lily and the rose.

Flora, fairest of the fair,
  Did entrance each village swain;
Love did yield her smiles and air,
  And each grace was in her train;
Love is now forever flown,
And the gentle graces gone!

She who can of beauty boast,
  Claims the lovely month of May;
But that month must soon be lost,
  Soon like shadows, pass away.
Time will come, and winter bring;
Just as summer follows spring.

Let us then improve the mind,
  That's a gem of polish bright;
In that gem a rock we find,
  Sustaining us in Death's dark night.
This attends us to the tomb,
And with lustre gilds the gloom.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

KATIE'S PRAYER.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

It was a wretched home for one whom even a passing observer could see had been born for better things—our expression is an erroneous one, for we believe that none were created for want and misery—but we mean that in the faded, care-worn looking woman that was gazing anxiously from the door of their hovel, there was a certain air of intelligence and refinement that gave evidence she had seen better and happier days.

The winter's wind was whistling loud and shrill, but she seemed to heed it not, although her scanty garments formed but a slight protection from the chilling breeze. Long and earnestly she gazed, as if expecting to descry some familiar object in the dim distance before her, but the shades of night were fast gathering around her, and weary and disappointed, she closed the door and returned to the little ones that awaited her.

It was a sight that would have saddened the most thoughtless heart, to see the suffering little creatures vainly endeavoring to warm themselves by the blaze of a few chips that they had collected through the day. It was easy to see from their half-famished countenances and shivering forms, that cold and hunger had already entered the miserable dwelling, and a glance at a little cot upon which lay the eldest born, a lovely girl of ten years old, showed but too plainly that death would soon follow in their train.

Need we say that this was a drunkard's home—that the heart stricken wife and mother who now clasped her babes wildly to her heart, and called upon the God of the fatherless to protect them, had once stood at the altar a happy maiden—the only and idolized daughter of a widowed mother, and had plighted her faith to him who had won her young affections, and whom she believed to be most worthy of her love. And so would he have proved, had not the fatal poison passed his lips. There were a few short years of domestic happiness and peace, and then arose the cloud, small and almost unobserved at first, but gradually and fearfully increasing, until the whole sky was overcast with its blackness. Step by step did Henry Waldron pursue the downward path, and gradually did his family decline from their position in society, until he became that revolting object from which we turn in disgust—a common drunkard; and those whom he once loved and cherished, now perishing with cold and hunger, called a miserable shanty their home.

Bravely had Margaret Waldron borne her trials, tenderly had she clung to him who had thus rewarded her self-denying affection. Thankfully did she stand by her fond mother's death-bed, and close her eyes with a sort of despairing joy, that she was removed ere the knowledge of the misery of her darling child had come upon her. This was in the commencement of her troubles, but too clearly Margaret saw the ruin that must follow. Yet there had been, at times, glances of sunshine, when full of love and penitence, the husband and father would turn to those whom he had so cruelly wronged, and awaken hopes, which were, alas, too soon dashed to the ground.

Four children had been born to them. The eldest, little Katie, remembered well the happiness of former days, and bitterly did she feel the misery and degradation of their present life. Loving and thoughtful beyond her years, she had become to her mother a companion and adviser, as well as a dutiful child, and even the misguided father would gaze fondly upon her sweet face, and sometimes weep, as he turned from her gentle pleadings that he would stay with them, and not go to those bad places any more. But the demon which had gained such full possession, still beckoned him on, and still he obeyed, until reformation seemed to be a delusive phantom, that could no more comfort the desponding heart.

The means of subsistence which the poor wife earned by incessant labor at her needle, were frequently taken from them to furnish the stimulus craved by his depraved appetite; for not even the cries of his little ones for bread awakened a remorseful feeling, until his burning thirst was appeased.

One by one the friends of other days had left them until they were alone in their misery. No, not alone. The God of the fatherless still watched over them, and he, without whose care not even a sparrow falleth to the ground, could cause light to spring even out of this thick darkness.

About a week previous to the commencement of our story, Henry Waldron, who had for two or three days been unusually sober, left his home early one evening, and proceeded toward the usual scene of his drunken carousals. Sadly did Margaret watch his retreating form, but she knew that opposition was useless. A few hours employment had been obtained that day, and the few shillings thus earned, were now to be expended for the fatal poison which transforms men to fiends.

With a deep sigh the poor wife resumed the employment which her husband's departure had for a moment interrupted, but she again looked up as Katie hastily threw a faded shawl around her and prepared to follow her father.

"It is useless, my child. Do not go. You are far from well, and the night air will chill you to the heart. Stay within, dear Katy."

"I may persuade him to come back, or at least to give me part of the money to buy bread. I must go, dear mother. Please say I may."

"Do as you will, my child, and may our heavenly Father bless you," was the reply, and quickly Katie glided from the house and walked rapidly in the well-known path.

But her father had anticipated and dreaded her pursuit, and turning off from his usual route, rendered her search vain. Finding her task hopeless, she turned toward home, weary and disappointed. Occupied with her own sad thoughts, she scarcely heeded her steps, until she ran against a benevolent looking gentleman that was proceeding in the opposite direction.

"You must take heed to where you are going, my little girl," he said kindly, as Katie looked up and apologized for her carelessness. "But why are you abroad at all, this cold night? You are but thinly clad."

"I am going home now, sir," was the simple reply. "I have been looking for father, but I cannot find him."

"And where has he gone, my child? and why do you wish to find him?" asked the stranger, interested by the sweet countenance and gentle manner of the little maiden.

His words invited confidence, and it was soon given. Katie poured forth all her griefs, and her new friend listened with sympathizing attention.

"Can you not persuade your father to join the temperance society?" he asked, as she paused in her story.

"Mother has tried often, long ago, sir, but it was no use, and now it is too late for that."

"O no, my child, it is never too late. Try again, when he is quite sober, and is speaking kindly to you, as you say he often does. Here is my card. Bring your father to me and I will give him a pledge. If he will but sign his name to that, we may yet save him. Now tell me your number and run home, for it is too late and cold for you to be abroad."

"Our house has no number. It is one of those little shanties just beyond the town. You will know it by the green door."

"Very well, Katie. Good-night. You shall hear from me again, but try to bring your father to me, if you can."

"I will try, sir. Good-night," and with a lighter heart Katie went on her way.

Even in her dreams the counsel of the stranger was in her mind. Her mother had only wept in her despair, when the conversation had been repeated to her, but Katie was younger, and hope was more buoyant in her heart.

Eagerly did she wait on the following day until her father aroused from the heavy sleep into which he had fallen on his return at a late hour the preceding night. Even more gently and lovingly than usual, did she exert herself to make him comfortable, when he was at length aroused. Their little store of provisions being unusually scant, she had saved nearly all of her own portion to give him a plentiful meal.

Almost passively the miserable man allowed her to remove his soiled and ragged clothes, and substitute others that were at least clean, in their place,—to bathe his bloated face, and smooth his hair, and perform a thousand little offices for him that he had long ceased to think of for himself.

"Do you love me, father?" she at length asked, as she pressed her pure lips to his forehead.

"Love you, my child? Yes, yes, I do love you. And yet have I not cursed you with a bitter curse?"

"Do not talk so, father. Only love me, and promise to do what I want."

"What is it, Katie? I will do it if I can."

"You can, father, if you will. I want you to sign the pledge."

"The temperance pledge? No, no, Katie. It is too late for that. I could not keep it. I have no strength."

"God can give us strength, father. Only try. Come with me to the house of a good gentleman that will give you the pledge to sign. La, I have his card. He gave it to me last night. Do go, dear father."

"No, my child, I will not make a promise that I cannot keep. Do not try to persuade me. There is nothing left for me to hope for."

"O father, father, do not say this. We will all help you. We will work for you, we will pray for you. O father, will you not say yes, to poor Katie?"

"I cannot, child, I cannot if I would," he said, half relentingly, as she clung to him in her agony, "for I have no money, and there is a fee to be paid by those that sign the pledge. Two shillings, I think, and I have not two cents."

"But the kind gentleman will not ask it of you. Come, father, do come."

"No, no, Katie, not without the money;" and glad of even this trifling pretext for a refusal, the father turned resolutely away and left the house.

For a brief time Katie sat almost stupified in her despair, but the claims upon her attention demanded by the younger children, soon aroused her. Their mother had left home at an early hour to carry some work which she had just completed to a shop where she had for some time past found employment.

As Katie busied herself in arranging their little dwelling with as much of neatness and order as extreme poverty would allow, there was still a lingering hope in her heart.

"If I had but two shillings," she repeated to herself, "I might yet persuade him to go with me. If mother will only spare it to me, if she gets paid for her work, I will try once more."

But Margaret knew too well the utter hopelessness of the case, to be willing to allow two shillings of her hardly earned dollar to pass into her husband's hands.

"It is useless, Katie. I cannot let you have it. The rent will soon be due, and not a cent is saved toward it. It would be only throwing money away to give it to your father."

Silenced but not convinced, Katie still pondered upon the ways and means of attaining the desired end. At first she resolved to go herself to her kind adviser, and ask him to advance the needful two shillings, that her father might have no excuse for a refusal, but then she reflected, that if her father should question her as to where the money came from, she should be obliged to tell him the truth, and then he would probably refuse to do as she desired. Her next determination was to earn it. In what way she had little idea, but she would try, surely some one would give her work. But poor Katie soon found that the value set upon her services was so small, that it would take days, and even weeks, to earn the required sum. A basket of chips and blocks which by extra exertion she had collected over the supply necessary for their own fire was sold for two cents, and one penny more was promised her by a poor neighbor who took in washing, if she would carry home a basket of clothes that were to be delivered at the distance of half a mile. Cheerfully Katie undertook the errand, but she had been far from well of late, and the heavy load was too much for her strength. When the clothes were delivered, and she set out on her return she felt so faint and weary that she was compelled to sit down to rest upon the steps of one of the handsome buildings which lined the street through which she was passing.

"Only three cents yet, and I have worked so hard," she said to herself, as she gazed sorrowfully upon her little treasure. And now it is almost night. O how I wish I could have the money before father comes home. Then I would try once more to persuade him."

For another moment Katie sat in silent thought, and then, as if animated by some sudden resolution, she sprang up the steps where she had been sitting, and gave the bell a resolute pull.

The spruce looking waiter answered the call.

"Will you please to give me one penny?" she asked, in a trembling voice; but her appeal was answered by closing the door in her face, with a muttered execration against beggars.

Not yet discouraged Katie tried again and again as she passed the stately houses in the row, but all in vain. Not one penny was yet added to her little store.

At length a passer-by compassionately gave her two-pence. Although very weary, this encouraged her so much that she determined to persevere. But no more success followed, and in several instances she was repulsed with rudeness and almost with abuse.

"It is of no use, I will give it up," thought the poor child. "Mother will be so frightened about me. And yet how can I go without the money? Surely there must be twenty people in this great world who will give me a penny. I will try just once more."

She was now in the business part of the city, and many of the offices were already closed for the evening. Seated at his desk, a clerk was still bending earnestly over some complicated accounts, which required his undivided attention. It was with a feeling amounting almost to vexation that he beheld Katie standing by.

"I have nothing for you, child," was the impatient exclamation, for it was not the first or second interruption of the kind during that day.

"Could you not give me one penny?" she asked so earnestly that a refusal was impossible, and the trifling sum was at once handed to her.

And this was all. She had resolved to try no more, and only six cents had yet been gained. Katie's tears flowed fast as she turned to leave the office. The young man's attention was attracted by her grief, and more compassionate feelings took the place of vexation.

"Poor child," he said to himself, "I believe she is really in want. "There are so many impostors that one never knows when to give."

"Stop a moment, little girl," he exclaimed. "Where do you live?"

Katie tried to reply, but her voice was choked.

"Well, never mind. Here are two shillings for you. Run home, for it is getting late."

With almost a scream of joy, Katie obeyed. Her weakness and fatigue were quite forgotten. Wildly she rushed through the streets until her arms were around her mother's neck, and her little treasure held triumphantly before her.

"Look! mother, look! I have the money for father, and six pence besides. You may have the pennies, mother; but this bright quarter, O, I will keep this for poor father."

"My dear child, where have you been, and who gave you the money? You are ill, Katie; your face is flushed, and your flesh is burning hot this cold evening."

"O, no, mother, I am not ill. I did feel sick and weary, but now I am quite well. A kind gentleman gave me the money, mother, just as I had given up all hope of getting it. But where is father? Has he been home?"

"No, dear; and when he does come he will be in no state for you to speak to him. Lie down, Katie, and try to sleep."

But the excited child could not rest, and long and anxiously did she watch for her father's coming. But at length her exhausted strength could bear no more, and her alarmed and weeping mother laid her fainting form upon the bed. Her fears were not uncalled for. Burning fever and delirium came rapidly on. The poor sufferer raved incessantly of her father, and yet when he at length stood by her side, sobered by the pitiable condition in which he found her, she knew him not, and still besought him to come to his dear Katie.

Was not this enough to cause him to pause in his fearful course? Would he not now remain to assist and comfort his neglected wife, when their eldest born, their darling Katie, was struggling in the arms of death? Alas, no! Frantically he rushed from the house, and drowning grief and remorse in the intoxicating cup, absented himself for days and nights from the bedside of his dying child.

On the evening upon which our story commences, a crisis had taken place in Katie's disease, and she had lain for hours in what appeared to be a deep sleep. The physician, whom the representation of a poor but pitying neighbor had induced to visit her, had shook his head as he looked at her and felt her pulse, and Margaret knew from his manner that there was no hope. And still her husband came not. Two days and nights had passed since she had seen him, and now she was alone with her dying child, and with the little ones who were begging for bread which she had not to give them. The last penny had been expended—the last crust eaten. O, that the messenger of death would but take them all! But it might not be. Margaret felt that there were still duties to be performed. Her children must not starve before her eyes. Roused to action, she was about sending the eldest boy to a neighboring shanty to beg for some relief, when she suddenly remembered the piece of money which poor Katie still held clasped in her hand. Throughout her sickness she had opposed any effort to take it from her, but now in her unconscious sleep, it might surely be removed.

And yet it seemed to Margaret almost sacrilege to touch it, but food must be procured, and there were no other means. Gently she unclasped the fingers, and was about removing the glittering coin, when the child opened her eyes and gazed around her.

"Let me hold my money, mother. It is for poor father! Has he come home yet?"

Even as she spoke, Henry Waldron, as if guided by an unseen power, entered his deserted home. One glance showed his wife that he was not intoxicated, and silently she beckoned him to her side.

"I am so glad you have come, dear father," exclaimed Katie, fixing her eyes fondly upon his face. "See, I have the money for you. Will you go now to the good gentleman's? Where is the card?"

A vain effort to rise showed the poor child her own weakness.

"O mother, I cannot move. And now I remember that I have been very ill, and that you have been watching over me. I feel strangely now. Am I dying, mother? O where is the good gentleman? I wish I could see him. Will you not tell him to come?"

A tap at the door was followed by the entrance of the stranger. Faithful to his promise to Katie, he had sought them out, little anticipating, however, the scene which awaited him.

Brighter and more animated grew the countenance of the dying child.

"I am so glad," she again murmured. "Here is the money, sir. Father would not come to sign the pledge until he could pay the fee; but now he will do it, I am sure. O, if I could only go with him; I should die so happy if I knew it was done."

"I have the pledge with me, my child, if your father wishes to sign it," replied the stranger with emotion, and he drew a paper from his pocket.

"Father, dear father, will you not do it. It is Katie's last prayer."

That sweet voice thrilled through the heart-stricken man. He stretched his hand for the offered pen, and tremblingly affixed his name to the pledge of total abstinence.

A smile heavenly in its brightness played around her face. Her lips moved as if in thankfulness and prayer, and little Katie's spirit passed to its heavenly home.

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[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

A LONDON FOG.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

The traveller who has never visited London about the month of December, cannot picture to himself a genuine and complete fog in this city, or imagine the tribulations, the losses and the dangers to which the imprudent man exposes himself if he attempts to go out on such a day. But, before going out, the stranger suffers more than one anxiety; the noises in the house and in the street warn him that it is day, and he sees no day.

He seizes his watch and listens; it goes; but unable to consult the hands, he strikes it.

"Nine o'clock!" exclaims he, in despair; "am I then blind?"

He rubs his eyes, runs to the window, casts towards the street a frightened glance, which falls upon thick darkness, and believes himself, indeed, deprived of the most precious of all the senses. He rings violently; a servant comes; but at the moment of his entrance, the candle which he holds in his hand is extinguished.

"What does the gentleman want?" exclaims he, amid the darkness.

"A physician! a physician! an oculist!—the best oculist! Quick! quickly run! Here is a half guinea for you."

And shivering with cold, the poor man throws himself despairingly into bed, waiting two hours for the physician, whom the fog arrests, like everybody else, in his dubious journey. Imagine the sensations of the supposed blind man during these two hours.

The physician arrives.

"Sir, save my sight, and half of my fortune—"

He does not finish, struck at once by a gleam of joy and of light. By the light of the lamp, borne by the servant, he sees the servant; he sees the physician; he sees himself! His blindness was but a dream—a nightmare.

But the physician does not admit this explanation; he has paid a visit; he taxes at two guineas the hallucination of the patient, explaining to him the cause, which is no other, he says, than the fog—the fog which, two or three times a year, makes London resemble the ancient kingdom of shadows.

"A fog!" exclaims the stranger; "but, sir, it is night, the darkest night. How long does this last?"

"One day, at least; often two; and sometimes more," replies the phlegmatic doctor.

"Ah! I will leave this instant," says the stranger; "I will quit forever a country which the sun himself abandons."

"Ah, sir, stop!' says the Esculapius, with a jesting air; "a few moments of anxiety, and the visit of a physician, are your slender tributes to a London fog. Thank Heaven that you are let off so cheaply. If you had, by misfortune, left the hotel this morning, hear what would have happened to you:

"To walk at this time in the English capital, is absolutely to plunge yourself into a soup of yellow peas, ready to be placed over the fire; for the fog, in taking away your respiration, offers you, in return, at once a kind of food and drink.

"A poor nourishment for asthmatics! On one side of the street a fit of coughing, issuing from some aged breast, responds to a similar fit which resounds from the other side. So that if you cannot see the passengers, you have the satisfaction of hearing them scold about their atmospheric breakfast.

"Breakfast, did I say? The dinner, tea and supper are of the same sort. You cannot open your mouth without swallowing a throat-full of fog; and as all day—if one may call this a day—you are obliged to have lights, you consume, by the fog, a notable quantity of gas, oil, or tallow-smoke. These poor lights, themselves submissive to the scourge, give but a dubious, reddish and gloomy ray. They are, like yourself, cold, and illuminate only the least possible space.

"The entire city appears covered with a vaporous tent, beneath which one hears the confused noise of invisible beings. You think that all the smoke which, during twenty years, has escaped from the fifteen hundred thousand chimneys of London, is falling at the same instant from the clouds, after having become corrupted there.

"The odor which it sheds, not only makes you cough, but it seems as if all the colds in the world had given each other a rendezvous in your head, to lodge there. You breathe much like a whale, caught between moving sands and the keel of a seventy-four; and three persons, conversing in a street, make a noise like the bellows of a forge which has a rent in its side.

"So much for the lungs," said the doctor. "To-morrow I shall have, with all my London brethren, some hundreds of invalids to attend. As for surgeons, they will not the less be needed to mend the broken limbs and heads of this cloudy day.

"You walk with the greatest caution, groping your way along the walls, by the doors, the windows, everything you can seize, and at last fall into a cellar, on the shoulders of a shoemaker, who makes his dwelling there; fortunate if, at the moment of your fall, his awl is not pointed upward. You may fall again, head foremost, into the subterranean shop of a coal-merchant, overturn the mistress of the place on her scales, and receive from the rude hand of her husband a salutation which will leave you as black as his merchandize.

"You flee. Alas! you run against the iron pot of a milkman, the overturned contents of which render still more slippery the pavement which the fog has made so muddy. The irritated man seizes you by the collar; but, warmed by your misadventures, you give him a push which sends him into a basement kitchen, to break some dozens of plates, or the head of the cook.

"To escape the consequence of this catastrophe, you run at random, and directly before you, until the moment when an enormously fat gentleman stops you short. So violent is the shock that you roll into the gutter, and the large man into a shop, the door of which his weight has broken open. A new flight to avoid a new affair; and you thank Heaven, muddy as you are, that you did not fall three paces farther on, where an immense drain opens its gaping mouth, which would have engulfed you, its tenth or twelfth victim since morning.

"But as you raise your eyes to heaven—which you do not see—you set one foot in a pile of quicklime, and the heat you feel in this foot warns you not to put the other in it. You turn round a certain corner, which seems to you the entrance of a yard, where you can clean yourself a little; but you strike your head against a bucket suspended to the wall, and full of whitewash; the thick liquid inundates you, and you are like a phantom in its white shroud. Before you recover your identity, you find yourself face to face with a chimney-sweep, laden with a bag of soot, half untied, the contents of which are partly emptied on you; so that, on one side you would be taken for an old chimney, and on the other for a newly-painted building.

"Some charitable person, on seeing you thus, lends you a dozen napkins and a bucket of water, to purify you from so many stains. This done, you again set out, and become prudent to excess, scarcely daring to put one foot before the other. You arrive, groping, at the stall of a fishmonger, with your arms extended like a blind man. All at once you utter a piercing cry, thinking one of your hands caught in a vice. A great black and live lobster has seized you and clings to your fingers, as a shipwrecked man to the plank of safety. The fishmonger seeing you take flight, runs after you, shouting, 'Stop thief!' It is fortunate for you that in his race he tumbles into a tar-barrel placed at the door of his neighbor the grocer. The monster which has tortured you has, by dint of being struck by you against the wall, at last let go his hold, and you go on your way groaning, uneasy at what may yet happen to you.

"I do not speak of the shocks, jars and pushes which you receive from errand-boys carrying burdens, merchants of cresses, oranges and matches—all this is nothing compared with the rest. Jostling, jostled, overturning, overturned, you confess that the chances are equal for you or against you; unless sometimes the passengers insinuate their umbrellas into your mouth, and, having forgotten your own, you cannot retaliate; unless, mistaking a dimly-lighted shop for a street corner, you thrust your head through a shattered pane. Nothing then remains but to withdraw it (your head) as gently as possible, and go on your way as if nothing had happened. You are sure that the shopkeeper will seize by the collar the first passenger who comes after you, to charge him for the damaged pane. The passenger pays, though innocent, for, like yourself, he might have broken this window.

"It is useless to mention two or three dozen dogs running about in search of their masters, and who have overturned you in your race. As for your watch, you had not gone fifty paces from your house, when it was, at a hundred paces from your pocket, in the hands of a pickpocket as strong as Robert Houdin. After twenty questions to the passengers, who reply to you by twenty others, exhausted with fatigue and cold, you perceive a tavern and enter it. But you know no more than an inhabitant of the moon in what part of London you are.

"Installed in a gloomy and damp parlor, a disorder of the spleen seizes you after the disorder of the fog. You ask if one of those hooks, used to suspend hats, could not suspend the weight of your body; you try with a convulsive gesture, the strength of the bell-ropes; you glance with gloomy and sinister eye around the room, astonished at not seeing there thirty unfortunates hung in despair in such a day. In order to escape these lugubrious ideas, you light a cigar, and calculate the number of glasses of grog necessary to throw you into a slumber or oblivion. But, at the fifth glass, summoning all your philosophy, you decide to enter an omnibus, if there is a driver bold enough to venture into the street in such weather.

"You wait for one at the door, summoning, instead of an omnibus, a dozen coal-carts. The desired vehicle arrives at last at a snail's pace; you jump in and crouch in one corner, unseen by your tailor, provided with a bill of fifty crowns to your address, which is, at least, one compensation for so many evils. You are about to congratulate yourself that all danger is passed, when a bewildered cab-horse thrusting his head through the window of the omnibus, places his warm and smoking nose on your face, and thereupon oaths are exchanged between the two drivers, he, of the cab, wishing to the omnibus horses a disease like that of his own horse. At these words you shudder at the embrace you have just received, and for a week believe yourself a prey to the equine malady.

"Whither is the omnibus going? Little do you care; to be sheltered is all you desire. But great is your anger when the omnibus, after a journey of ten minutes, stops, arrived at the terminus of its route. It took you up at Bridge-court, and leaves you at Cross Keys, which is three miles from your lodgings! Here are twelve pence thrown away, and new dangers to be encountered. You have, nevertheless, some little pleasures. There, you see an old lady put her foot into a basket of eggs; here, a young lord stumbles into the shop of a librarian, in the middle of a row of richly bound books.

"On such a day a man who is milking his cow at his door, is obliged to hold her by the tail with one hand, for fear of losing sight of her; and the butcher, who is carrying roasting pieces of beef to his customers, finds three or four missing from his basket, which abridges his calls, and also the dinner of three or four clients. But the said roasting-pieces are found safe and sound on the tables of skilful marauders from St. Giles, or Rosemary Lane, the quarters of the dishonest poor.

"If the fog happens on the day of the cattle-market at Smithfield, the traps of the good people in the neighborhood are all open, and more than one stray sheep falls into them. On a foggy day the laws of optics are reversed. Through a sort of mirage, objects assume gigantic proportions; a dog has the appearance of an elephant, a gas-pillar that of a pyramid; houses acquire strange perspectives, the length of streets becomes a mystery, and their names, hieroglyphics lost in the night of time.

"For a genuine Londoner, the thickest December fog is an ordinary thing; he lights up his shop at eight o'clock in the morning, without more ceremony than at eight in the evening. But to the traveller, the stranger, it seems something horrible—this capital enveloped in an obscurity, which is neither day nor night, and against which thousands of gas-lights contend in vain. The multitude of torches, borne and waved by the passengers, add to this fantastic and prodigious scene. These smoky and sombre gleams, reflected on the faces of the inhabitants, present the image of an infernal city, where everything burns without consuming.

"On the Thames, where the fog is most dense, the accidents are most numerous; boats run into each other, or are crushed in passing through the arches. From the top of a bridge, you cannot see the boat which passes beneath; so most of the steamboats suspend their trips, the pilot, who holds the helm, being unable to distinguish even the brow of his boat."

After these confidences of the doctor, the traveller has nothing better to do than to return to bed, until the sun shall have dispelled the fog.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

RANDOM SHOTS.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

"How are you now, Bill?" asked Jack Ramsdell, a hair-brained young man about town, as he burst into the bachelor lodgings of his friend Manners, in all the glory of a bob-tailed bottle-green coat, a neckcloth with any quantity of running-horses stamped upon its folds, and a pair of pantaloons a little tighter than his skin whereon prodigious sunflowers embellished his sturdy legs with a luxuriant vegetation.

"Blue—Jack—blue," replied the bachelor. "Or, rather, in a green and yellow melancholy."

"The cause, the cause, my dear fellow!" exclaimed Jack. "I am anxious to know how a man with fifteen hundred a year can have the blues."

"Because I haven't five thousand a year," replied Manners.

"What, are you infected with the mammon worship? you, the intellectual, the philosophic?" exclaimed Jack.

"No, but the lack of three thousand five hundred, in addition to my modest income, deprives me of the hand of Kate Carson."

What, is she too a worshipper of Mammon? O woman, woman!"

"Hold, Jack, profane not a divinity. She is an angel."

"So they all are," answered Jack.

> "'Angels were painted fair to look like you,
> There's all in you that we believe of heaven,' etc.

But if the girl is content, why in heaven's name don't you marry her and be happy?"

"The parents, Jack! the parents!"

"Ay, ay, the old story—'father's have flinty hearts.'"

"Fathers and mothers, Jack. Both are dead set against me, because I can't live in Beacon street, have a villa in the country and set up a carriage."

"Lord! Lord!" cried Jack. "And to think that Old Tim Carson used to keep a grog-shop in Commercial Street, and Betsy Jinkins tended in a sailor boarding-house in Ann Street. Talk about the pride of aristocracy—it is nothing to the pride of parvenues. I wish I could serve you!"

"You cannot—the case is desperate," replied Manners.

"Bill," said Jack, tenderly, "you are the best friend I ever had. Many and many is the scrape you've got me out of. You have lent me money time and again. I promised to pay you and I never did."

"I never expected you would, Jack," said Manners, grasping his hand.

"Thank you, thank you, you did me no more than justice," replied his friend, returning the pressure. "But now—my friend in trouble—and I unable to assist him! Stay, I have an idea. A couple of random shots may do the business. Your hand again! I shall have no peace till my project is attempted. Let me go! there's no such word as fail! The girl shall be yours."

"The means, Jack—the means!"

"A bunch of horse hair and a file of my tailor's bills—unpaid, of course."

"Explain yourself," cried Manners, seizing him by the arm.

"Let me go!" cried Jack, shaking himself loose.

> "'Unhand me, sir,
> By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that let's me.'

Farewell, my friend. If I fail, 'ask of me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man,' as Mercutio says."

And with these words Jack vanished as riotously as he had entered.

Mr. Timothy Carson lived in great style. Mr. John Ramsdell rang furiously at the rosewood door. A servant, much more of a gentleman than his master, admitted him to a room which was called Mr. Carson's study, because Mr. Carson never studied there. Mr. Ramsdell handed his card, and Mr. Carson bowed and begged him to be seated and unfold his business.

"Are we safe from eaves-droppers here?" asked Jack, anxiously.

"Perfectly."

"Then, sir," said Jack, "I will explain myself. "Mr. Carson, you were not always rich."

"You remind me of a circumstance I am proud of," said the parvenu. "Because I'm a self-made man. Yes sir, I was once as poor as Job's cat, and now I can draw a check for more money than any man on 'Change."

"I don't know anything about his private history," thought Jack. "But I'll fire a random shot at him—perhaps it will wing him. Mr. Carson," he said, aloud—"you know as well as I know, that Mrs. Carson was not your first love."

His host started and changed color.

"How did you know?" he exclaimed with a trembling voice.

"Hit him, by Jupiter," thought Jack, exultingly.

Pulling forth a lock of horse hair from his breast-pocket, he exclaimed:

> "'See you this little tress of hair?
> I will not tell you when 'twas shred,
> Nor from what hapless victim's head.'"

"Poor Julia," said Carson, covering his face with his hands.

This was hint enough for Jack, and upon this hint he spake.

"Ay, poor Julia, poor cousin Julia!" said he, as he replaced the tuft of horsehair.

> "'She never told her love,
> But let concealment, like the worm i' the bud,
> Prey on her damask cheek.'

You promised to marry her, when fortune smiled upon you. You grew rich and you abandoned her. She pined and died.

> "'At lovers' perjuries, they say Jove laughs.'

Not so do relatives and friends. The big brother horsewhips, the cousin exposes. Harkee, Mr. Carson, would you have your perfidy bruited to the world? Would you have your name a hissing, and a shame, and a stench in the nostrils of our citizens?"

"Not for worlds!" exclaimed the shuddering wretch. "Be silent, and name your price."

"My price!" sneered Jack, rubbing his hands. "Ha, ha, he thinks me as base as himself—and that men may be bought and sold like cattle in the market. My price! Mr. Carson, you are wealthy, and I am poor—but let me tell you that poor as I am, and rich as you are, you have not gold enough to buy my silence."

"Be merciful," implored Carson. "Think of my wife—think of my daughter."

"It is of your daughter, I am thinking. She loves and is loved by a friend of mine—a blameless, honorable man. Give your consent to the marriage, and I am silent forever."

"I will do so," said Carson. "I give my consent—but that of my wife can never be secured, and between ourselves, Mrs. Carson is a very self-willed woman, and in short—"

"'The gray mare's the better horse,' I see. Well, I think I can manage to secure her consent. But play me false, and you will rue it," said Jack.

> "'For though I am not splenetic nor rash,
> Yet have I in me something dangerous,
> Which let your reason fear.'"

From the study of the gentleman, Jack passed to the boudoir of the lady. It was sumptuously furnished. Mrs. Carson was attired in an elegant morning dress—she was a buxom woman, and her affectedly languid air ill-suited her florid complexion and *embonpoint*.

Jack sounded her as cautiously as he had done her husband. By hazarding a bold assertion or two, he ascertained enough to be sure that she had had an early attachment, and had jilted her first lover, just as her husband had jilted his first love, and moreover that she was quite anxious to keep the story dark.

Thereupon he flourished before her amazed eyes a file of tailors' bills, remarking coolly:

"Those letters would look finely in print, madam."

"Goodness!" cried the lady. "Are those letters in existence? Tom Garnet was drowned, and I thought them plaguy letters—I mean those letters, were at the bottom of the sea."

"Tom Garnet," said Jack, catching at the name, "my dear, dear friend Tom, was drowned, madam, leaving a confession that your cruelty drove him to sea. But he died 'hopefully pious,' and his 'chist' came ashore. These letters contain professions of your burning love—all except the last where you dismiss him for his poverty. The style is fervent, and will be much admired, though the orthography is incorrect, as you had little opportunity of acquiring correct spelling in your street rambles."

"Give me those letters, sir," said the lady, snatching at them. "They are nothing to you."

"Pardon me," said Jack, restoring them to his pocket, and buttoning them up carefully. "I cannot comply with your request."

"Sir, if you are a gentleman, you will surrender those letters," cried the lady, passionately.

"Madam, because I am a gentleman, I will publish them, to avenge my poor, poor friend. Mrs. Carson, to right wrongs is my Quixotic occupation."

"And will nothing induce you to spare me?" sobbed the lady.

"O yes, madam. I am willing to trade with you."

"Name your terms. I grant them in advance, however."

"Your consent to my friend Manners's marriage with your daughter."

"If you can obtain my husband's—"

"I have it already."

"Then I consent."

"And I destroy the letters as soon as they are man and wife."

"I give you joy, Bill," cried Jack, bursting into his friend's apartment. "I've gone and done it. Two random shots fired right and left, did the business. Hurrah for horsehair and tailors' bills! There's a skeleton in every house, they say—the Carsons keep two, and I rattled the dry bones to some purpose, I tell you. You are a lucky dog, and now, if you please, you may just destroy my notes of hand, and call it square."

"My dear Jack!" cried Bill, squeezing his hand, "I'm all amazement, and can hardly credit what you tell me."

"Come along then to Carsons—I'm No. 1 there, and you'll see I haven't lied."

That day week Bill Manners was made the happiest of mortals, and Jack figured as a bridesman in a blue coat and gilt buttons.

Jester's Picnic.

When Nicholas Biddle, familiarly called Nick Biddle, was connected with the United States Bank, there was an old negro named Harry who used to be loafing around the premises.

One day, in social mood, Biddle said to the darkey:

"Well, what is your name, my old friend?"

"Harry, sir; ole Harry," said the other, touching his sleepy hat.

"Old Harry," said Biddle, "why, that is the name they give to the devil, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," said the colored gentleman, "sometimes ole Harry, and sometimes ole Nick."

An honest Jonathan, on his visit to the metropolis, was awakened one night by the cry of "Oyst, buy an oyster," in the mellifluous tones of the vender of the luscious shell fish, who was passing under the windows of his hotel. A noise so near his ears startled him, and he roused his room-mate to inquire what it meant. "They are only oysters," replied his fellow lodger, pettishly. "Oysters!" exclaimed Jonathan in astonishment, "and do oysters holler as loud as that?"

Young Man.—"I called to see about the clerkship you advertised as vacant."

Old Gent.—"Hem! Have you a gold watch, a chain, a fast horse, a diamond ring, six suits of clothes, a bull dog, a thousand cigars, a cask of brandy, and an assortment of canes?"

Young Man.—"Yes, sir, got 'em all."

Old Gent.—"Then you'll suit. My other clerk furnished himself with all those things out of the till; so as you're supplied I'll save the expense."

Mr. Sheridan, when on a visit to Mr. Fox, at his villa, happened to be looking at a stable which was in the course of being built, and just at the time, a carpenter, engaged in erecting the frame of the roof, accidentally missed his footing, and (more frightened than hurt) came to the ground, breaking in his fall two of the rafters below. "Very well indeed," said Sheridan, "I like to see a man go cleverly through his work."

Among the bits of gossip now floating in Paris (says a private letter), is one relating to a rich American, who wrote Mlle. de S——, of the opera, a tender epistle upon the back of a bank note. Mlle. smiled, and sent a verbal reply, with the apology that she was entirely out of note paper, and would be thankful to M. l' American to send her a quire or two of his.

We saw in one of our daily journals once, the following advertisement: "To Capitalists—Wanted, $500 to go on a spree. References exchanged." We dare say the wag who wrote it also penned the following on the back of a bank note: "This is the last of five thousand left by my dear departed grandmother, one year and a half ago. I wish it had been ten!"

A New York paper speaks of the play of "Ingomar" as a preposterous farrago of dullness and sentimentalism, in which an obstreperous and buffalo-hided barbarian is transformed by the fascination of a rose-pink young lady, fresh from the boudoir, with remarkable rapidity, into a sighing and soft-worded Grecian exquisite.

When a devout Mussulman found himself in the midst of a terrible tempest at sea, he recollected that he had violated Mohamedan law by indulging in swine's flesh on a particular occasion. Having made a due confession, and prayed for a cessation of the storm, in vain, he pettishly exclaimed, "what a fuss about a little pork."

Sheridan one day met two fops, who thus flippantly addressed him; "I say, Sherry, we have just been discussing whether you are the greatest fool or rogue, what is your opinion, my boy?" Sheridan, having bowed at the compliment, took each by the arm, and instantly replied, "Why, faith, I believe I am between them *both*."

The editor of the Kenoha (Wis.) Telegraph says: "Last year we had a tree which *bore one* apple. This year the crop of the tree is doubled." We think the nature of the tree must have been totally changed, as it is certainly the first instance that we remember of any tree bearing one year an apple and the next year a *pair*.

Boswell complained to Johnson that the noise of the company the day before had made his head ache. "No, sir, it was not the noise that made your head ache; it was the sense we put into it." "Has sense that effect on the head?" "Yes, sir, on heads not used to it."

A gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Cork, on walking one Sunday evening, met a young peasant girl, whose parents lived near his house. "What are you doing, Jenny?" said he. "Looking for a son-in-law for my mother, sir," was the smart reply.

A person who was present at a conversation, in which a very dull play was talked of, attempted a defence of it by saying:

"It was not hissed."

"True," says another, "I grant you that; but no one can hiss and gape at the same time."

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